

IBV
1585
B83

ADVENTURING

in

PEACE

and

GOODWILL

Annie Sills Brooks

EXHIBIT ROOM
PRACTICAL THEOLOGY I
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
NOT TO BE REMOVED FROM THIS ROOM

The University of Chicago
Libraries



GIFT OF

PUBLISHER

**ADVENTURING IN PEACE
AND GOODWILL**

ADVENTURING IN PEACE AND GOODWILL

A JUNIOR VACATION SCHOOL

ANNIE SILLS BROOKS

11

THE PILGRIM PRESS

BOSTON

CHICAGO

BV1585
B83

COPYRIGHT 1930
SIDNEY A. WESTON



PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
THE PLIMPTON PRESS, NORWOOD, MASS.

Gift of publisher

FOREWORD

This account of a junior vacation school of ten days is given in the hope that others may find the same satisfaction in its working out as came to us who tried it first.

There was almost no question of discipline as the boys and girls were interested and eager to make their contributions. They were told in the beginning that they were helping to work out our programs from day to day. Their responsiveness was a continual inspiration, and their answers and suggestions often went deeper than they knew. There was a stenographer present for each discussion period, who kept a record of all reports and responses.

On two days of each week a half hour of the handwork period was used in showing stereopticon pictures from other countries, with brief talks about the people and customs of other lands.

The best of the notebooks made by the children from day to day were used to go in the friendship bags for Mexico, one book going in each bag sent from our vacation school, and also in those from the regular church school. The children whose bags were thus used were asked to draw a Mexican flag on a separate leaf and to put some Mexican children under it, and also to use pictures of American children under the drawing of the American flag.

Instead of the Mexican bags it is suggested that those

using this program in the future shall cooperate with the Committee on World Friendship Among Children, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City, in whatever project they may have under way at the time.

The valentines were sent to a mission school in Korea to be used the following Valentine's Day. The posters were not made in school, but each child who wished to make one was given a sheet of cardboard to take home, and he brought in the completed poster. About thirty were made, the best of which were exhibited at the public library and later sent to the various Sunday schools from which the children came.¹ Each child was also asked to write an essay on "Peace," and the best of these was published in the daily paper. These were the only things offered in the way of rewards.

As our school session was only two and a half hours, the time for handwork was limited, especially as an hour a week of that time was used in showing the pictures; however, much of the work done was of high order, and all of it had a direct bearing on the project in hand. Where there is more time many other forms of handwork will suggest themselves, such as making things for some local institution, for people of other races, or for those who came from other lands. A project which would lend itself admirably to the entire group would be the making, by the boys, of miniature furniture and vehicles in use in other lands, and for the girls the dressing of small dolls in the costumes of other countries, these to be kept for use by the junior and primary departments.

¹ See page 81.

The children were greatly interested in the Junior League of Nations, and the information they brought in from time to time was remarkable, many bringing pictures or articles from the countries they represented. The librarians reported that the children swarmed into the library after the school was over, and the superintendent found several in the library one afternoon, busily working over their reports. The teachers in this course would find it well worth their while to communicate with the Educational Department of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for up-to-date information about the League of Nations, as of course they must be ready to fill in where the children fail. From the same address may be secured a booklet, *International Guide to Materials Descriptive of Many Lands and People*, which will be helpful in giving the children the names of books from which they may secure information.

No mention is made in any of the programs of pauses for rest and brief exercise, but whenever it seemed advisable we stood for a song, followed by very simple exercises. The recess was only fifteen minutes, and each day either lemonade or ice-cream cones were served. The time for playing games was too short to accomplish much; however, the helpers were told it would be helpful if they would use games from other lands.

In whatever work we engaged we tried always to bear in mind that "We who desire peace must write it in the hearts of the children."

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	V
I FIRST DAY	I
II SECOND DAY	9
III THIRD DAY	21
IV FOURTH DAY	32
V FIFTH DAY	44
VI SIXTH DAY	56
VII SEVENTH DAY	69
VIII EIGHTH DAY	77
XI NINTH DAY	81
X TENTH DAY	87

FIRST DAY

Theme: Peace and Goodwill

"We who desire peace must write it in the hearts of the children."

Memory Verse: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men. — *Luke 2:14.*

Memory Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal.

Materials: Pages of paper for notebooks; patterns and materials for poster (see page 93); silver stars of two sizes; pencils, scissors and paste; picture of the angels' announcement to the shepherds.

Organization of School

Introductory Remarks

LEADER: Boys and girls, you know that every year in our Daily Vacation Church School we have some one subject or thought which runs through the entire school. This year our director says we may choose our own subject and work it out as we like, so you see that you are going to help me work and plan for each day of our school. I couldn't get you all together beforehand, so I had to do a lot of thinking as to what would be the very nicest thing we could study about. I finally came to the conclusion that there was nothing we needed so much as peace and goodwill among people everywhere,

and I felt sure you could help me find out some of the things which would bring this peace and goodwill to all the world. Would you like to try? (Every hand went up.) Well, since you approve of my suggestion, we will begin our school by repeating together the first song of peace. Can any of you tell me what that was? (A slight pause; then several hands were raised.) Louise, suppose you tell me.

LOUISE: The song the angels sang when Jesus was born.

LEADER: Yes. You see I have put a picture on the wall here of the shepherds and the angels on the hills of Bethlehem. I am sure most of you know that Christmas story, so shall we all repeat it together?

Scripture: Luke 2:8-14

Memory Verse: Luke 2:14

That last verse is to be our memory verse for today, so may we all repeat it together again?

Prayer

Hymn: Hark, the Herald Angels Sing

Story: The Do as I Please House

Since we have decided to take "Peace and Goodwill" as the main idea of our school, we must always remember that peace means more than that countries shall stop making war; it means there must be love and goodwill in the hearts of boys and girls, as well as of men and women everywhere. I want to tell you a story of some boys and girls who started out to find the things which brought peace and goodwill.

For a week after Miss Lois took charge of the fifth-grade class in the foreign section of the city, she wondered how it could ever be made into a good grade. There were boys and girls in the class from almost every country in the world, it seemed, and they fought and quarreled continually among themselves.

One day at recess Louis from France and Heinrich from Germany fought because Louis said that Germany started the World War. Then one day Beppo from Italy and Edward from England fought because Edward called Beppo a "dago." And so it went.

At first Miss Lois had expected the American boys and girls to help her keep peace, but she soon found that they quarreled just as much as any of the rest. They seemed to feel, too, that they were better than the boys and girls from any other country, and of course the others didn't like that. Things went on like this until Ivan Sakowsky gave Miss Lois the idea of making a flag, and after that the class learned that they were all Americans. They learned too what it took to make a true American.

Making the flag had been such fun that the class begged Miss Lois to think of something else like that for them to do. The next morning when she came in they all knew by looking at her face that she had thought of something wonderful. She carried a mysterious package too which she laid down on her desk but did not open.

"Boys and girls," she began, "I think I have a grand new idea."

They waited breathlessly for her to tell them.

"How many of you have heard of the League of Nations?"

Almost every hand went up, and Louis stood out in the aisle in his eagerness to tell what he knew.

"Well, Louis?" said the teacher.

"It's a lot of countries getting together and saying they will not fight any more wars."

"Right, Louis," smiled Miss Lois. "Now what I wondered was how you would like to form ourselves into a Junior League of Nations, and find out all about the countries in the League and what they are trying to do. We have a boy or girl here from many of the countries in the League, and where we have none, some other could pretend he belonged in that country, so we would have a representative from all of the fifty-six countries in the League."

Miss Lois was unrolling the package on her desk, while the class almost held their breath in excitement. The paper was off and out fell many bright, beautiful flags.

"Louis, this is your flag," and Miss Lois handed him a bright bit of color on which was the emblem of France. "And this is yours, Heinrich."

And so each boy and girl received the flag of the country from which he or his parents had come, and the American children took the countries not represented. There were just fifty-six boys and girls in the class, one for each country.

"Now," said Miss Lois when the last flag had been given out, "how should you like to organize our class just as the League of Nations is organized, and see how much we can find out about the League and the countries represented in it?"

Of course everybody was eager to do that, and so it wasn't long before the council was duly elected. They didn't have to elect the five permanent members, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Japan, but the non-permanent members were elected.

"I want each of you to find out all the good things you can about your own country, and each day several of you will report to the class all the things you have found. Then any time there is any dispute or disagreement between members of our League, we will bring it before the Council and then up before the League for settlement."

For the next few weeks that class had the happiest time

imaginable. They were so busy finding out interesting things about people and countries that there was no time for disputes. They found that Italy had given the world much of its finest art, that China was a great nation before even Europe was heard of, and —

Organization of a Junior League

But then I don't think I'll tell you the rest of that story until the end of vacation school, for I am wondering if you don't think it would be fun for us to have a Junior League of Nations and see if we can't find out some of the things they found. I believe we can find even more if we try. What do you say?

(Eager response from members of the school, and the organization was effected. Typewritten slips containing the names of the nations comprising the League of Nations were passed and each child drew one.) ¹

Albania	Costa Rica
Argentina	Cuba
Australia	Czechoslovakia
Austria	Denmark
Belgium	Dominican Republic
Bolivia	Esthonia
Brazil	Ethiopia
Bulgaria	Finland
Canada	France
Chili	Germany
China	Great Britain
Colombia	Greece

¹ This was the list for the summer of 1928, and the latest list should be secured.

Guatemala	Panama
Haiti	Paraguay
Honduras	Persia
Hungary	Peru
India	Poland
Irish Free State	Portugal
Italy	Roumania
Japan	Salvador
Latvia	Kingdom of Serbs
Liberia	Siam
Lithuania	South Africa
Luxemburg	Spain
Netherlands	Sweden
New Zealand	Switzerland
Nicaragua	Uruguay
Norway	Venezuela

Children who drew names of countries forming the present council of the League of Nations were named on Council for Junior League. They were as follows: Permanent members, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan. Non-permanent members, Poland, Chili, Roumania, China, Belgium, Netherlands, Cuba, Finland, Canada.

Meeting of council was called for the close of school.

Recess

Handwork

Shepherd and sheep cut from gray paper and pasted on first sheet for loose-leaf notebook. Silver stars, one larger than others, were placed in the sky, arranged ac-

according to pupils' individual taste, and memory verse for the day was written at the top of the page. (See pattern on page 93.)

Reassembly

LEADER: Boys and girls, if we are to study and think about peace and goodwill during our school, where do you think we should begin? (*Slight pause before two hands went up.*) Billy, you tell us.

BILLY: At home.

LEADER: Then let us all be thinking about what makes a home happy and peaceful, and tomorrow we will talk about it. We will also make for our book a new leaf of things which we think represent a happy home, so look for and bring tomorrow pictures you would like to use.

(Countries assigned to report next day were the first six on the list.)

Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal

Prayer

Report of Council

The council met to suggest some rules and regulations for governing the members of the League. The following is the report they made to the class the next day:

The members of the Council would like to report the following things observed in the school during the first day which they think might be improved:

Too much noise in classrooms during handwork period.

Too much fussing for things right before their eyes.

Members and even helpers chewing gum during school hours.

Pushing in line when marching in or out.

Trying to get in line ahead of others.

Trying to get more than one's share of daily treat.

Wasting materials.

Things not observed as yet, but would like to call attention of members and urge that each one observe the following:

Let girls go first.

No fighting.

No fussing on playground.

Be careful of furniture, books and all materials.

Help each other in classrooms and at all times.

Do the very best work possible in notebooks.

Suggested punishments for failure to observe rules:

If boy or girl has to be spoken to more than once send them from room. If three times send home for the rest of the day.

Failure to observe rules, not allowed to have treat for day, kept in at recess, or not allowed to do any hand-work for that day.

SECOND DAY

Theme: Peace and Happiness in Our Homes

Memory Verse: Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! *Psalms* 133:1.

Memory Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal.

Materials: Flags of countries reported on; notebook pages; pictures suitable for notebooks; materials for valentines (see Handwork, p. 19); best leaves made yesterday exhibited.

Hymn: This Is My Father's World

Prayer

Roll Call

Report of Council

Reports from Countries Assigned

(The children held flags of countries as they made reports. They looked up their own materials, often going to the library for this. Many brought pictures to show the class. Report from Belgium is given as an example of one given by one of the smallest children.)

"Belgium is a very small country in Europe, but it is widely known for its industrious and smart people. It was one of the countries that fought in the World War. The people work very hard."

(After reports were made, assignments were given for the following day of the next six countries on the list.)

Story: The Do as I Please House

LEADER: Where did we decide yesterday that peace must begin if we are to have it in all the world? (Many hands raised.) Mary Jane may tell us.

MARY JANE: In our homes.

Once upon a time, I am not sure whether it was many years ago or last year, for the story-teller did not tell me, there lived a family of five, the mother and father, Jack, Janet and Tom. Their home was not a palace but just such a home as many of us live in. It was a nice house and had in it everything they needed. The people there should have been happy, but somehow they were not. Once upon a time they had been very happy, but something had happened, nobody could tell when or what, but they all knew it had happened.

Jack never wanted to do anything he was asked to do any more. He teased Janet every time he went into the house, and Tom also came in for his share. Poor little Tom! He thought his big brother Jack was fine and wanted to follow him everywhere, which of course made Jack very angry.

Perhaps you think Jack was to blame for the home's not being happy, but you see he wasn't; not altogether anyway, for Janet left her things scattered all over the house and when their mother reproved her she pouted and said that she could never do what she wanted to, but had to be working and cleaning up while the other girls were having a good time.

But even then Jack and Janet were not altogether to

blame, for Tom kicked and fussed when he couldn't have his way.

Things kept on this way until one morning the mother asked Jack to go downtown on an errand for her before school, when he had planned to meet some boys and play ball.

"Oh, pshaw, a feller can't ever do what he wants to around this house!" and Jack banged his knife and fork down on his plate and started to rush out.

"Wait," called his father. "Come back a minute. I have heard you say that many times before, and I have heard Janet and Tom say it too, so I have a proposition to make you all. Let each one of us do exactly as we please from now on. If any of us are asked to do something we don't want to do we can just say so, and nobody is to complain if the others don't act to suit him. What do you say to that proposition?"

"Bully!" cried Jack. "Does it start now?"

"Yes."

"Fine!" echoed Janet.

"Goody, goody!" and Tom clapped his hands in glee. Nobody could tell him to wash his hands, or do anything he didn't want to do.

Jack rushed off to his ball game without bringing in the wood. Janet left her bed unmade and the dishes unwashed to run over for Mary and walk to school with her. Tom didn't want to go to school, so he went out in the back yard where he was building a little house for his dog.

Everybody had a fine time all the morning and came in for lunch as hungry as bears.

"Oh!" cried Janet when she reached the dining-room door, for instead of the tempting hot lunch which usually waited for them, the table was just as they had left it at breakfast, soiled dishes and the remnants of breakfast still on the table.

Jack and Tom were right behind her, and they all rushed into the living-room looking for their mother. Surely she must be sick, for nothing like this had ever greeted them before! When they entered the living-room there she sat in an easy chair reading a book.

"Why isn't lunch ready?" inquired Jack. "I'm in a great hurry. The fellers are practicing for a match game with the seventh grade next week."

The mother looked up from her book long enough to say, "I didn't feel like cooking any lunch today; you'll just have to eat what you can find."

The three tramped out to the kitchen and ate what cold food they could find; but it wasn't good, and there were soiled pans and bowls around. They ate in silence, wondering how it happened that their mother didn't want to cook lunch. They had never heard her say even once that she didn't want to do it. There was just one little cooky left in the jar and everybody wanted that, but Tom got it first and went off eating it.

Jack and Janet hurried back to school and Tom went back to the yard. The dog house was finished and there wasn't anything else he wanted to do. There was nobody to play with. He began to wish he had gone to school, but he couldn't go now for the teacher would want his excuse for being absent all the morning, and of course he hadn't any except that he didn't want to go. So he went off down the street to watch some men building a house in the next block. While he was there he saw his mother drive off with Mrs. Moore. They passed by where he stood and his mother waved her hand at him, but didn't say a word about where she was going or when she would be back.

Jack stayed away until almost night, playing ball with the boys, and Janet went somewhere with her friends. When they all came in the house was still in disorder; the

table was just as it had been left in the morning and their mother and father were both gone.

They pretended it was fine — nobody to ask if they had studied their lessons, or to remind Janet to do her practicing, or to ask Jack if he had brought in the wood, or Tom if he had washed his hands. They thought of course their mother would be home soon and get a hot supper, for as they had had no lunch to speak of they were famished.

The house was chilly now that night had come on. A fire would have felt good, but there was no wood. It was funny how cold and cheerless the living-room looked with no fire and with papers, books, sweaters and balls scattered all over the floor, and no mother or father there! Just when they were beginning to feel very desperate they heard the car drive into the yard and they all ran to the door. Their mother and father came in, talking and laughing together just as though everything wasn't all wrong.

"Hello, kiddies!" called their father. "Think we were lost? The truth is that mother and I have been wanting to eat a meal at the new hotel and we thought we'd just try it tonight. It was great fun. Too bad none of you were here to go with us."

Not a word was said about their supper, so one by one the children stole out to the kitchen and ate what they could find. Nobody reminded them that it was bedtime, but at last they crawled into beds that were just as they had gotten out of them in the morning. Jack announced before he went that he was going fishing with the boys at six next morning and wanted to be waked in time.

"Why didn't somebody wake me up?" he stormed next morning when he found he had slept until seven-thirty. "You all knew I wanted to go fishing. I told you so last night."

"Nobody wanted to get up so early to wake you," answered his father, and there was nothing Jack could say,

for he had agreed with joy to the proposition that everybody should do as he pleased.

The mother didn't get up for breakfast. She said she was tired of getting up and wanted to rest. The father said he was going downtown for breakfast. As he was leaving, Tom reminded him that he had promised to take them all down to the lake fishing that afternoon.

"Well, the Browns have asked mother and me to ride into the city with them this afternoon and we've decided that we would rather do that, so we are not going fishing."

There was some fruit and a loaf of bread the grocer had left on the kitchen table, so Jack and Janet and Tom made their breakfast on that. Jack went off to find the boys and hear about the fishing trip he had missed, Janet went over to Mary's, and Tom to play with the little boy next door, but somehow none of them felt very happy. They came in for another cold lunch just in time to see their mother and father drive off with the Browns in their big car.

The three went into the dining room and sat down. They looked around the disordered room with its dirty dishes and cold scraps of food, and for a long time nobody spoke.

"Gee," said Tom at last, "I wish mother would want to cook us something else to eat! I'm so hungry."

"Same here," echoed Jack.

"And it is Saturday and I haven't a dress fit to wear tomorrow," sighed Janet. "I left my good one lying on the floor, and it's all wrinkled up."

For a long time nobody spoke.

(Pause.)

LEADER: I wonder if you had been Jack or Janet or Tom, how you would have ended this story?

MARY: I would have said I didn't want to do as I pleased any more.

RUTH: If we do as we please our fathers and mothers will do as they please, and we would have to go out and make our own living.

BILLY: I would clean up.

MARGARET: I would build a fire.

TOM: I would go out in the yard and get some wood and pile it up.

BROWDIS: I would run away.

LEADER: Well, this is the way it really ended.

Jack and Janet and Tom looked around the room again.

"I guess there are two sides to this doing as you please," said Jack.

"There are," said Janet. "To make a home you like to live in, everybody has to do some things he wants to and some things he doesn't want to."

"Let's do some we don't want to now and see if we can't make mother want to be as she used to," suggested Tom.

And to make a long story short, they did. When their mother and father came home the dishes were all washed, the house in order, and a bright fire burning in the living-room.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed the father, looking around. "This looks like a real home."

"It does indeed," smiled their mother, as she tried to hug all three at once.

"What do you all say to running down to the hotel for a real supper and then back home for some games around the fire?" asked the father.

And of course that was something everybody wanted.

Discussion

Now I'm going to ask Margaret and Elizabeth (two of the helpers) if they will go to the two blackboards and

we will see if we can find out what are some of the things that make a happy, peaceful home, and some of the things that make the other kind. (Lists given by children as follows:)

Make Happy Home

Loving each other	Being friendly
Work	Being happy
Helping	Minding your parents
Being kind	Saving
Doing things without fussing	

Make Unhappy Home

Fussing	Being unkind
Fighting	Grumbling about food
Being lazy	Not loving each other
Dirt	Being selfish
Not minding	Wasting things
Being careless	Not helping
Being grouchy	

Memory Verse

Service of Worship

(A few bars of soft music in preparation for worship.)

Hymn: Jesus Shall Reign

LEADER: We have a story in the Bible of a home where there were twelve brothers, but they were not happy together, and the older brothers did something dreadful to a younger brother. Can any of you tell me who the younger brother was?

MARGARET: Joseph.

LEADER: Could you tell us the story?

(Child gave story very briefly.)

LEADER: What was wrong in that home?

BILLY: They didn't love each other.

NELL: They were jealous because their father gave Joseph a pretty coat.

LEADER: That reminds me of something important we left out of the things that make an unhappy home. Can you think what it was?

JAMES: Jealousy.

LEADER: After they had treated Joseph so badly, how did he treat them when they went down to Egypt to buy food?

JOHN: He fed them.

GERTRUDE: He forgave them.

LEADER: Does that remind us of something we left out that makes a happy home?

LOUISE: Forgiveness.

LEADER: Yes, we all do things we want to be forgiven for. When we turn from Joseph's home and look at Jesus' home in Nazareth, we feel sure that must have been a very happy home, full of love and kindness. The Bible doesn't tell very much about Jesus' home, but we know from him and his life it must have been a wonderful home. Did you boys and girls ever stop to think how much you tell people at school, at play, on the streets, everywhere, about your homes? You don't even have to speak a word. People know from the way you act as well as by what you say, what kind of home you have. I'm sure we wouldn't want anybody to think

anything that wasn't nice about our parents and our homes. Shall we talk to our heavenly Father about it? Some of you may have things you want to thank him for, or to ask him. Shall we do it now?

(Heads bowed, many sentence prayers were made by children; prayer ended by leader.)

Recess

Handwork

Page for notebooks made, using appropriate pictures which the children brought or found and cut from old magazines; memory verse written at top. When pages were finished, work was begun on valentines to be sent to some foreign mission school to be used next Valentine's Day. Sheets of red and pink cardboard were given and the children encouraged to originate designs. Some verses used in the valentines were these:

A valentine carries love,
From one heart to another;
That's why I send this one
To you, my little brother.

Valentines are meant for friends,
Even those at the world's far ends.

Straight to your heart I'll send a wish,
Of friendship and goodwill;
If you would send one back again
That would be better still.

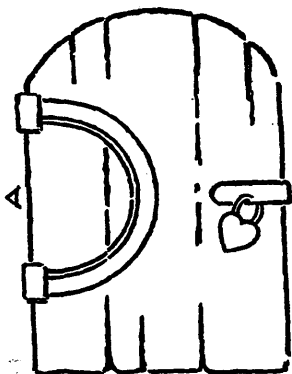
Those not successful in this used the patterns on page 19, as follows:

My

For

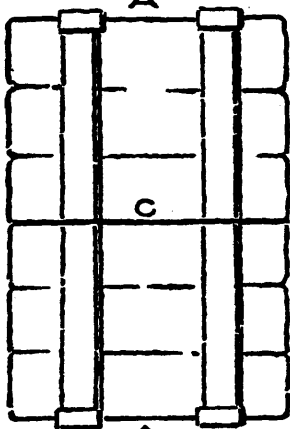
F
R
I
E
N
D
-
S
H
I
P

Y
O
U



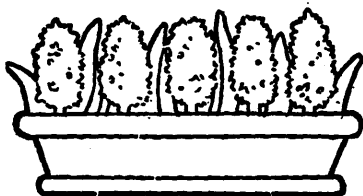
B

A



C

A



The heart with door in the center is to be made of red cardboard. Trace lettering and door, then cut door all around except in space A. Fold door back carefully. On gray cardboard, trace another heart the same shape as red one only three-eighths inch larger all around, and transfer to this the silhouette of a boy, so placed that when the door opens the child's head and tray will be in the center of the space. Color pear, apples and orange natural colors. Mount red heart on gray one.

Using this same pattern for the heart, cut out of pink cardboard and trace in the center the window B, crosswise. Cut around the edges except spaces A, and through center C. From gray cardboard cut a four and one-eighth inch square, and trace the box of flowers so that when the window is open it will be well placed. Color hyacinths pink and lavender, leaves green and box brown. Mount pink heart on gray cardboard.

Reassembly

LEADER: In our search for peace, where would we go next after our home?

NELL: Schools.

BILLY: Playgrounds.

LEADER: Then tomorrow we will talk about how to have our schools and playgrounds happy and peaceful. Be thinking about it before you come back, and bring pictures you think show that spirit in schools and playgrounds for your notebooks tomorrow.

Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal

Prayer

THIRD DAY

Theme: Peace and Goodwill at School and Play

Memory Verse: Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.—*Romans 12:10.*

Memory Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal.

Materials: Flags of countries reported upon; notebook pages, pictures, old magazines, scissors, pencils; best pages from yesterday's work exhibited; lantern slides of foreign countries.

Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal

Prayer

Roll Call

Reports from Countries Assigned

(The next six countries in the list were assigned.)

Story: Playgrounds ¹

LEADER: Where did we begin yesterday in our search for peace and goodwill?

CHORUS: In our homes.

LEADER: Where did we decide to go today?

CHILDREN: To schools and playgrounds.

LEADER: Yes, and before we try to find out what makes happy, peaceful schools and playgrounds I have a lovely story I want to tell you.

¹ *The Pilgrim Elementary Teacher*, 1927.

There was once a ruler who had twin sons. They were both so bright and handsome that when they rode about the kingdom, with their little golden-haired sister between them, the people would come to the doors and windows to see them pass. They would first wave their hands to the little Princess Marigold, for she was the pet of every one. But for the two boys they would stand at attention and salute.

"Bonnie lads!" they would say. "One of them will be our king some day."

"Which one?" the king would often wonder. The question worried him, for he wished before he died to be sure that the next ruler would work as he had always worked to make it a better and happier kingdom. Since he could not decide which of his two boys would be the better leader, he asked advice from the wise men of the court.

Said the oldest of all: "Your Majesty, I have learned that one may often tell from the play of children how they will work later on. My advice is that you provide for each of your sons a playground of which he shall have full charge. He shall think of it as a little kingdom which he is to try to make better and happier. We shall watch the two and be able to judge from their actions which is more fitted to be our future leader."

It was good advice and the boys themselves were delighted with the plan.

"I know already how to rule a kingdom," Prince Hal announced, "so it will be easy to rule a playground."

"I know exactly how to keep a kingdom safe and happy," declared Prince Waldo. "Now I can try out my ideas."

The little Princess Marigold understood very little of what was going on, but she liked to play at doing what her brothers did.

"Please," she asked, "may I have a playground too?"

Her brothers laughed and her father, the king, who always gave her everything she wanted, said of course she should have a playground. But it was in the boys' plots that he was interested. How he hoped these would show who the future ruler was to be!

Prince Hal chose his at the end of the palace grounds. A brook ran at the very edge, and there were meadow-lands beyond. The children of the town used the brook for wading and fishing, and could not understand at first what was happening. Men were digging it out, and under Hal's directions making it into a lake. It was his first plan for improving his kingdom, as he called his playground.

When the city children saw their brook being made larger they said, "It is better, for now we can swim in it and sail boats." But when they tried, Hal and his friends shouted, "Go away! The lake is not for you!" and they drove them far over the meadow.

"We had better take the meadow also for part of our playground," said Hal to his companions. "That will keep these city children farther away. Some of them look sick and some have dirty faces. It would spoil our playground to have them in."

But the city children objected. "It is our meadow," they said, "and it is our brook which you have spoiled."

"We will soon show you whose it is," said Prince Hal. "I am ruler here now."

He called his friends and together they rushed at the others. The city boys had never thought of fighting the palace boys, but now when they saw their little sisters being struck and hurt, and their playground being taken away, they kicked and hit, and bit and scratched, until they were too exhausted to keep on, and fled to their homes, crying from hurts and angrily muttering that there would be worse fights to come.

"Now," said Hal to his friends, "we have shown them who is stronger. I have proved that I am a good leader, for I have fought to improve and enlarge my kingdom."

Prince Waldo chose his playground at the opposite end of the palace grounds from his brother's. It was near a strip of woods where the city children from that part of town came to play and to gather wild flowers. When they saw the men from the palace begin to cut down some of their favorite trees and were told it was for Prince Waldo's playground they cried, "But you are spoiling our woods! It is already a very nice playground. We play here every day."

"Then they must know that now I am in charge here," said Prince Waldo, who had heard, "and to make it a safe and happy place for me and my friends we must protect ourselves. A good king always protects his kingdom."

He ordered that a high wall be built at once around his playground, and placed guards at the gate to keep out those who were not invited.

But it was not a safe and happy place for Waldo and his friends. The city children were angry, and they threw stones over the walls and shouted names at them. Waldo built the wall higher, but the children climbed up the trees and shot stones from their slings down at those inside. When he began to cut down the trees nearest the wall the children thought up other schemes to make their playground uncomfortable.

Left by herself, the Princess Marigold tried to copy her brothers. They could no longer play with her, for they were busy with their little kingdoms. But her father had said she might also have a playground, so she started out with her nurse and some of her friends to choose one.

She had not traveled far before she saw some children playing together.

"This must be a good place," she said, "for the city

children are already playing here. I will ask if we may join them, and if we may build my playground here."

So together the city children and the palace children played each other's games all the afternoon, and when they were tired they sat down and planned Princess Marigold's playground, what it should have in it, how large it should be, how to keep it pretty and tidy, and how to keep the children in it happy.

"I never should know all these things myself," said the princess, as they all set about picking up papers and other trash.

Some time after this the king said to the wise men, "Let us visit my two sons and see which shows the more promise of growing into a wise ruler."

As they drew near to Prince Hal's playground they were surprised to find it much larger than it was at first, with a beautiful lake in the center. No one was enjoying it, however, for there was a fight going on.

"It is the city children again," said a worried little girl. "Prince Hal made his playground much larger by taking the meadow where the city children played, but they keep coming back and calling it theirs. It takes just about all of our time driving them away."

"Is your playground happier for it?" asked the king.

"We have no time to think whether we are happy," said the little girl. "Our enemies keep us too busy. But Prince Hal is a fine leader. So far he has won every fight."

The king shook his head, and he and the wise men drove on to Prince Waldo's playground. He was met by groups of angry, scowling children, who were hanging about the walls, some with sling shots, some with arrows. Some with pockets bulging with stones were climbing the few trees left.

The king noticed when he went through the gate that the children inside huddled quite close to the wall. They could

not use the swings or teeters set about the playground for fear of being hit by stones and arrows.

"See how my wall protects us?" said Waldo proudly. "No one can come in who is not wanted."

"A good king keeps his people happy as well as protected," said his father, and he and the wise men rode away. Prince Waldo's playground was no safer and no happier than Prince Hal's. How could they tell which would make the wiser leader later on? "We shall have to think about it," said the wise men, and they rode on about the city, leaving the king to return to the palace.

Presently they came to a place where had always been an untidy, stony pasture, in one end of which people of the town had dumped their rubbish. But what a change had come over it! The rubbish had been carried away or buried, the rocks were being used as tables and chairs and playhouses, no papers were scattered about, flowers were growing everywhere. And on every hand were happy children singing, little ones playing with their favorite toys, strong ones working in the garden together, pale ones resting under trees, little babies in their mothers' laps.

"Where do they all come from?" asked the wise men. There had always been a few children who played in the dirty, stony pasture, but now it seemed as if every child in the kingdom were here.

Suddenly the wise men spied the Princess Marigold and hurried up to her.

"Shall we take you home to the palace?" they asked.

"And leave my playground?" asked the princess, surprised.

Then the wise men remembered how in her play she was always trying to copy her brothers. So she had a playground as well as they! Everybody had been so interested in what the boys were doing that they had forgotten Marigold had asked for one.

They looked at the city children. They thought of Prince Hal and how he had chased away those he did not want.

"Wouldn't you like us to drive these other children away?" they asked.

"Drive them away!" repeated Marigold, horrified. "But they were here first!"

"We could keep them out with a high wall," said another wise man, thinking of Prince Waldo.

"Then how could we play with them?" asked the Princess, opening her eyes wide. "How could we ever know their names or teach them ours?"

"But is it quite safe?" asked another wise man. "When the others fight or throw stones or try to quarrel——"

The princess laughed out loud.

"What a funny idea!" she said. "Why should we fight or throw stones? How could we play if we did that, or work or do anything together?"

"How did you know how to rule your playground so wisely, little princess?" asked one, but the princess said, "Oh, I don't rule! We make our rules together. We do everything together."

The wise men rode back to the palace laughing to themselves. They went in where the king was still puzzling over his two boys. Which would make the better ruler? Which would keep his kingdom safe and happy and work always to make it better?

"We can tell you," announced the wise men.

The king looked up. "Hal?" he asked. They shook their heads. "Waldo, then?" he went on, but they shook their heads again.

"Come with us," they said, and they led the king to a flowery pasture where city and palace children played happily together, worked together to make their playground beautiful, made good rules together and kept them.

“ Marigold’s playground is the kind of kingdom we want,” said the wise men, and the king went back to his palace happy that after all there would be a good leader for his people when he was gone.—*Jeanette E. Perkins.*

Discussion

Shall we do as we did yesterday, and ask two of the helpers to go to the boards and put down the things you think make for peace and goodwill at school and play? (Lists given by children as follows:)

To Bring Peace and Goodwill at School and Play

Don't fuss	Don't use profanity
Play together	Don't cheat
Work together	Be honest
Be peaceful	Study
Keep it clean	Be obedient
Love each other	Good manners
Play fair	Don't talk about each other
Don't fight	Don't stop playing if you
Be a good sport	can't be " it "
Don't get mad	

Make Unhappy Schools and Playgrounds

Fussing	Not studying
Cheating	Chewing gum
Stealing	Disobedience
Fighting	Making fun of any one
Not playing fair	Throwing papers on ground
Dirt	Throwing hats about

Hating any one	Throwing spit balls
Losing your temper	Looking on other people's
Talking in school	papers
Not playing together	Not being a good sport
Ugly language	

LEADER: What do you mean by being a good sport?

LOUISE: Not getting mad.

JAMES: When some one else gets you beat, don't get mad.

LEADER: What do you mean by cheating and stealing?

BILLY: If you look on somebody's paper you're stealing.

MARY: You might get the wrong answer by looking on somebody's paper.

LEADER: Boys and girls, since we are thinking and studying about people all over the world, what do you think would be a nice thing to do with the things we are making?

BILLY: Send it to some children across the ocean.

JOHN: Send some to the hospital.

MARY: Send some to Wright Refuge.

LEADER: They are all fine suggestions, and perhaps we will have enough to divide, but since we are thinking and talking about peace everywhere, don't you think it would be nice to follow Billy's suggestion first?

(All agreed to send valentines to mission school. Leader told about Mexican school bags, and children decided they would like to send one and agreed to bring money for it on Friday morning.)

“Marigold’s playground is the kind of kingdom we want,” said the wise men, and the king went back to his palace happy that after all there would be a good leader for his people when he was gone.—*Jeanette E. Perkins.*

Discussion

Shall we do as we did yesterday, and ask two of the helpers to go to the boards and put down the things you think make for peace and goodwill at school and play? (Lists given by children as follows:)

To Bring Peace and Goodwill at School and Play

Don't fuss	Don't use profanity
Play together	Don't cheat
Work together	Be honest
Be peaceful	Study
Keep it clean	Be obedient
Love each other	Good manners
Play fair	Don't talk about each other
Don't fight	Don't stop playing if you
Be a good sport	can't be "it"
Don't get mad	

Make Unhappy Schools and Playgrounds

Fussing	Not studying
Cheating	Chewing gum
Stealing	Disobedience
Fighting	Making fun of any one
Not playing fair	Throwing papers on ground
Dirt	Throwing hats about

Hating any one	Throwing spit balls
Losing your temper	Looking on other people's
Talking in school	papers
Not playing together	Not being a good sport
Ugly language	

LEADER: What do you mean by being a good sport?

LOUISE: Not getting mad.

JAMES: When some one else gets you beat, don't get mad.

LEADER: What do you mean by cheating and stealing?

BILLY: If you look on somebody's paper you're stealing.

MARY: You might get the wrong answer by looking on somebody's paper.

LEADER: Boys and girls, since we are thinking and studying about people all over the world, what do you think would be a nice thing to do with the things we are making?

BILLY: Send it to some children across the ocean.

JOHN: Send some to the hospital.

MARY: Send some to Wright Refuge.

LEADER: They are all fine suggestions, and perhaps we will have enough to divide, but since we are thinking and talking about peace everywhere, don't you think it would be nice to follow Billy's suggestion first?

(All agreed to send valentines to mission school. Leader told about Mexican school bags, and children decided they would like to send one and agreed to bring money for it on Friday morning.)

Hymn: Dare to Be Brave

Memory Verse

Today our memory verse is from one of the letters Paul wrote a church in the city of Rome, in which he tells them how to treat one another. "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love." Doesn't that tell us just what we should do to make people happy around us? Shall we repeat the verse together? (Verse memorized.)

Service of Worship

We want always to remember that the heavenly Father will take care of us at school and at play just the same as at home or church. If we ask him, he will help us, too, when we are tempted.

Scripture: Twenty-third Psalm repeated.

Prayers: By children, ended by leader.

Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal.

Recess

Handwork

(Pages made for notebook with pictures appropriate to school and play, memory verse written at top.)

Reassembly

(Lantern slides of some foreign countries and brief talk about them.)

In our search for the things that make for peace and goodwill, you see we are making a growing circle. We began where? (Made a small circle on the board to represent home, a larger circle for school and play-

ground.) Where would our next circle take us? (It required a question or two before right answer came, "Our community.") Tomorrow then we will talk about our community; so bring for your notebook pictures which you think represent a peaceful, happy community.

Prayer

FOURTH DAY

Theme: How to Bring Peace and Goodwill to Our Community

Memory Verse: He that keepeth the law, happy is he.—*Proverbs 29:18*

Memory Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal.

Materials: Flags of countries reported on; paper and other materials for notebooks; old magazines for pictures; patterns and crayons for working on figures for valentines; best pages from yesterday's work exhibited.

Remind Chief of Police, or some city representative, to be on hand to talk to children. Of course he has been asked some time before, but may need reminding.

March

Hymn: This Is My Father's World

Prayer

Roll Call

Reports from Countries Assigned

LEADER: We are finding out many things about other countries, but I am wondering if you are finding one great thing I have found.

(Children mentioned many things that are like our country, and things that are different.)

LEADER: Are there only grown people in these other countries?

CHILDREN: No, there are grown people and children, too.

LEADER: Yes, but don't you think we often feel as if these foreign countries we don't know much about just have grown people? I am finding out that there are boys and girls like you in all these other countries. Do you suppose they are very different from you? No, I am sure that inside they are like you.

(The next six countries in the list were assigned.)

Conversation about Peaceful Homes and Communities

LEADER: Let us compare the things we found made happy, peaceful homes, and happy, peaceful school and play.

(We found we had left out from homes some things that might have been included, but discovered that the same things make for happiness in both places.)

LEADER: Where were we going today in our search for peace and goodwill?

BILLY: To our community.

(Leader talked to children a few minutes about the meaning of community, with special emphasis on keeping the laws.)

LEADER: A few days ago I heard a great man say that each of us should have a policeman in our hearts; then we wouldn't need so many in our town. What would a policeman do in our hearts?

MARY: Tell us what we ought to do and what we ought not to do.

LEADER: Shall we remember that and try to keep a policeman in our hearts?

Talk by Chief of Police

(Chief of Police talked to children about the community, stressing the fact that the police were not only to arrest people who did wrong but to help people in trouble, and urged children to feel that they were their friends.)

LEADER: I know we all want to thank Chief Doby for coming and telling us these things, and before he goes I wonder if some of you can tell him where we have decided to carry our policeman?

JAMES: Down in our hearts.

LEADER: Shall we all tell him together as if we really mean it?

Story: The Boy Who Didn't Need to Be Told ¹

There was once a king who came into a new kingdom. He was very anxious to rule it wisely and well, and to have the people safe and healthy. He said to the court, "The only way to rule is to have a great many laws, and I will make them."

So he made them by the hundreds — safety rules, health rules, rules for brushing your teeth, rules for waiting for signals at the street crossing, rules for wearing rubbers in the rain; laws for this and laws for that and laws for the other. In all there were one million, nine hundred and eighty thousand, seven hundred and sixty-five.

¹ From *The Pilgrim Elementary Teacher*.

"Now," the king said to the court, "how shall we see that these laws are kept?" But the court did not know. They made it a rule never to know more than the king knew.

Then the king had a thought. "We will appoint officers," he announced, "to remind people of the rules and see that they are obeyed."

So all over the kingdom officers were appointed to see that the laws were kept. But it took a great many men. There were one million, nine hundred and eighty thousand, seven hundred and sixty-five laws, and there weren't enough policemen in the kingdom. So all the storekeepers and the factory workers, and doctors and grocers and lawyers and carpenters and bakers were made into officers.

There were officers and officers, but no one left to run the bakeries or groceries or meat shops or clothing stores or factories. The laws were kept, to be sure, but people had hardly enough to eat or wear. No one knew what to do. The king was worried but couldn't think how to make things better. Neither could the court, who made it a rule never to know more than the king did.

While things were in this state a train arrived one day from another kingdom. On the train was a boy named Carl, who had come to make his cousin Louis a long visit. Now in Carl's country people had never felt the need of officers to remind them of proper ways to act, and when the train drew into the station he thought there must be a celebration, because there were so many men in uniforms with brass buttons.

One of them rushed up to Carl waving a long list of Rules for Travelers.

"Wait until the train stops before getting out," he shouted, and seemed very much surprised that Carl was waiting.

"That's a very special rule of ours," the officer explained. "How did you know it?"

But before Carl had a chance to answer he asked again,

"Did you pay your fare? It's a very special rule of ours that travelers should pay their fare."

Carl giggled. Of course he had paid his fare. What kind of kingdom was it where people had to be reminded to stay on the train until it stopped, and to pay their fare! The conductor helped him down the steps and handed Carl his bag.

"Thank——," began Carl.

"Say 'thank you,'" prompted a second officer, with a long list of Rules for Visitors. "It's a very special rule that you should say 'thank you' and 'please.'"

"But I was going to," said Carl.

"Why, who told you?" asked the officer.

"Nobody," said Carl. "I don't have to be told to say 'please' and 'thank you'!"

The officer looked surprised. "He doesn't have to be told," he repeated to the next officer, and he remarked in turn to the next, "There's a boy who doesn't have to be told."

They thought he was very queer, but not half so queer as Carl thought them, for they began to read from the Rules for Visitors:

"Visiting children should mind the older people in the place where they are visiting.

"Visiting children should eat the food they have been taught to eat at home and not ask for coffee and mince pie and two pieces of cake.

"Visiting children should go to bed at the time their mothers have taught them. They should take their baths each day and wash whenever they are dirty.

"Visiting children should not tease to do things they could not do at home."

If Carl had not been so polite he would surely have laughed at these grand officers, spending their time telling people things they should know anyhow.

Every hour at Louis' home an officer came around to ask

if he had done something, or to remind him to do something else, and more and more Carl wondered what kind of place it was where people couldn't act without being reminded.

The next morning it was raining hard when Carl got up. He washed, brushed his teeth, dressed and came down to breakfast. He had just finished his cereal when the doorbell rang. Two officers stood at the door. Under dripping umbrellas they carried long sheets of paper and red crayons.

"Have you brushed your teeth?" asked one officer.

"No, sir," answered Louis, "I forgot, but I will now," and he went to do it.

"Has the visitor brushed his teeth?" asked the other officer, looking at Carl.

"Of course," said Carl.

"But I didn't remind you!" exclaimed the officer wonderingly.

"I can remind myself," answered Carl, "I don't need an officer."

The officer looked at his companion.

"He can remind himself!" he repeated. "He doesn't need an officer!" He looked very much relieved and quite happy.

"Now I can go back to my bakery," he said and he went.

The other officer called to Louis, "Did you finish your cereal? Then go back and finish it." When Louis had eaten the last bit he said, "It is time for school now. Get your coat and umbrella and rubbers."

Carl, who already had his on, laughed to himself. "Fancy," he thought, "having to be told to get your rubbers when it's pouring!"

They started down the street, the officer directing them all the way. "Don't step in that mud puddle," he would say, or, "Wait for the signal before you cross the street." The boys did just as they were told, of course, but Carl wondered

why anybody should want to step in a mud puddle, and get a cold from wet feet.

At school the officer told the boys to take off their rubbers and hang up their coats, and then stood over Louis to see that he studied his lessons. This was not strange, for all the children had officers standing over them except Carl. He studied as well without one. The children and the officers could not understand it.

By recess time it had stopped raining, but the officers reminded the children to wear their rubbers. As they passed out the children saw that the ground was covered with puddles.

"Do not sit on the ground," cautioned the officers. The rest of the children said "No," obediently, but Carl looked at the water on the playground, then looked at the officers, and then burst out laughing.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the officers.

"Why do you tell us such funny things?" Carl asked in turn.

"Funny?" "*Funny?*" "FUNNY?" repeated one officer after another, and a fourth one asked, "What is so funny about our very special rule that you must not sit on the wet ground?"

"It isn't the rule that's funny," answered Carl, still laughing. "The funny thing is that you think you have to tell it to us!"

All the officers gathered around Carl as if he were some strange kind of person. The children crowded around too.

The officers were truly puzzled. "But how would you know if we didn't tell you?" asked one.

"Well, in my country," explained Carl, "our mothers and fathers tell us what to do and we remember."

The officers stroked their beards and rubbed their heads.

"In his country," they confided to each other, "their

mothers and fathers tell them what to do and they remember."

The children said to each other, "In Carl's country the mothers and fathers tell them what to do and they remember."

"But," urged an officer, "suppose your mother or father has never told you about a certain thing; how do you know then what to do?"

"We use our minds and decide ourselves the way we think is right," answered Carl. "My mother says that's what our minds are given us for."

Now this was such a peculiar thought that the officers and children alike could only go about repeating it.

"They use their minds," one would say. "They decide themselves what is right," another would answer. "His mother says that's what minds are given us for," a third would add.

Finally one officer, who wanted to go back to his business of making shoes, since his own and his children's were quite worn out, said, "Let us tell the king."

So they took Carl between them and they and he and the teacher and the children and all the mothers and fathers they could collect, hurried to the palace.

"Wipe your feet," the officers reminded the children, but Carl, who, of course, knew enough to wipe his muddy feet before entering a building, had already done it and stood laughing at them.

"You see I didn't need to be told," he said, and the others nodded their heads, agreeing, "He didn't need to be told."

When they reached the king they found him surrounded by the court, all looking very much worried and puzzled. An officer had been asking if he couldn't please go back to his work of building houses. He was a carpenter and his own house was only half finished when he was appointed an officer.

The king had just asked, "But who will take your place telling people what to do?" Nobody could answer.

The officers who had brought Carl bowed low.

"Your Majesty," they said, "here is a boy who doesn't need an officer to tell him what to do."

"Then how does he know?" asked the court.

"His father and mother tell him and he remembers," and the court echoed, "His mother and father tell him and he remembers."

"But supposing," said the king, "his father and mother had never told him about a certain thing; how does he know?"

"He says in his country they use their minds and decide for themselves what is right," came from one, and from another: "His mother says that's what minds are given us for." There went a murmur all through the great hall of the palace: "They use their minds — that's what minds are given us for."

Suddenly the king smiled. "I have it," he cried. "We might try that ourselves!"

A great chorus answered him, "Let us!" It came from the officers, who wanted to go back to their work; it came from the children, who would now be able to get enough to eat and wear at the stores; it came from the mothers and fathers, who would rather teach their own children how to act; it came from Carl, who knew how much nicer it was to think for yourself. Loudest of all it came from the court, for they knew that the king had found a way to rule the kingdom.—*Jeanette E. Perkins.*

Discussion

LEADER: Which do you think had better ideas for ruling a kingdom, Carl or Louis?

ALL: Carl.

LEADER: Why was Carl's better?

ROBERT: Because they remembered without being told.

RUTH: Because they used their minds.

LEADER: Now if the girls will go to the boards we will see if we can find out the things that make a community of happy people, with goodwill toward one another.

The List

Keep it clean	Play fair
Work together	Think for yourself
Don't get mad	Don't spit on the street
Love each other	Keep your houses clean
Be kind to each other	Keep grass cut
Be good sports	Obey the laws
Have respect for older people	
Don't walk on the grass when it says not to	
Be clean inside and outside	
Plant flowers, grass and shrubbery	
Don't go in other people's yards to play	

LEADER: What are some of the laws?

BILLY: Don't speed.

MARY JANE: Obey the stop signs.

JAMES: Don't steal.

JOHN: Don't kill.

(They talked about some specific things that would improve our own community, and among others mentioned the need of more playgrounds.)

LEADER: Can you think of anything we might do to help get more playgrounds?

BILLY: Ask the City Council to give us more playgrounds.

LEADER: How would we ask them?

BILLY: Go to see them.

LEADER: It would be hard to see each one. Do you think a letter might be better?

(They decided a letter would be better, so a committee was appointed and at the close of school they helped draft a letter, which was signed by each child in the school and sent to the mayor.)

Memory Verse

LEADER: Thousands of years ago there was a man who realized people must have good laws and learn to obey them. He was directed of God to write out some laws for the people and teach them to keep them. This man's name was Moses. You remember God gave him the ten commandments to give to the people. If everybody was good there might not be any need for laws, for everybody would always want to do right, but since there are many people who don't mind doing wrong unless people find it out, laws are necessary. Long after Moses' day there was another man who became a king, and he was called the wisest man who ever lived. His name was Solomon. He wrote many wise sayings which have come down to us. He knew that the people who kept the laws were the happiest people, as our memory verse this morning tells us. It is part of one of his proverbs. (Verse taught.)

Worship

LEADER: When we talk to our heavenly Father each day, we must remember to speak about our community as well as about ourselves and those we love. Shall we talk to him now?

(Children offered many sentence prayers, leader closing, and sang Dare to Be Brave.)

Recess

Handwork

New page made for notebook, memory verse written at top, pictures of happy community. More work done on figures for valentines.

Reassembly

LEADER: In our enlarging circle how many rings have we made? Yes, three. Tomorrow we will make one more and where will that take us?

(Some answered our state, or county, but some were led to see that the larger circle meant was our country.)

LEADER: Come tomorrow prepared to tell me what are the things which would make our country peaceful and happy.

Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal

FIFTH DAY

Theme: What brings Peace and Goodwill to Our Own Country?

Memory Verse: Ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all men. — *I Thessalonians 5:15*.

Memory Hymn: Finish memorizing Lead On, O King Eternal.

Materials: Flags of countries reported on; American and Christian flags for worship service; basket for collection to be taken for Mexican bags; materials for notebook page; slides ready for talk on some other foreign country; best pages made yesterday exhibited.

March

Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal

Prayer

Roll Call

Collection for Friendship Bags

Reports from Countries Assigned

(A little Greek girl had searched through slips the day they were given out and selected Greece. She and her mother both love clothes, and most of the things she told were about the way they dressed in Greece, even

bringing a photograph of some real people. The six countries to be reported on next day were assigned.)

Discussion

(We recalled where we went the day before in our search, and some of the things we found.)

LEADER: I want you to tell me what you think are some of the good things about our country, while the girls write them on the board.

The List

Our churches	Colleges
Schools	Our colors
Government	The way we dress
Sunday schools	Policemen to protect us
Religion	Farms
Christianity	Hospitals
Language	Firemen
Railroads	Our homes
Roads	Museums
Preachers	Hotels
Automobiles and boats	Stores
Good water to drink	Boy Scouts
Way we build our houses	

Children do not have to work so hard as they do in some countries.

LEADER: What about our flag? Every country has a flag, but I don't think any of them are prettier than ours.

(Holds out the flag and discusses what the colors and stars and bars stand for.)

Story: The Flag that Grew¹

When the Sakowskys moved from the dark, crowded old tenement house to a little apartment with many windows, they were a happy family. The house they moved into had once been the home of a wealthy family, but was now divided up into small apartments, and the Sakowskys had the third floor front, three rooms and a tiny bath.

It was only four years since they had come from Russia, and in the new home they felt they were rapidly becoming Americans; at least Ivan did, for now he would go to school with real American boys and girls as well as those from other countries.

It was so nice to have windows through which real sunshine could come, that the four children spent most of the first day leaning in the windows, enjoying the sunshine and watching the crowds in the street.

It was Ivan who discovered the queer iron piece fastened to the window-sill. He couldn't imagine what it was, and his father and mother couldn't tell either, so the first day he went to school he asked the teacher. She led him to a big window in the hall and showed him a big red and white and blue flag waving in the breeze. The wooden flagstaff was fitted into an iron piece just like the one in his window, only larger.

"Is it like that?" asked the teacher, smiling at him.

"Yes, only smaller," answered Ivan. Then after a moment, "That's a beautiful flag, teacher."

"Yes, it is. I think the American flag is the most beautiful in the world because of what it stands for."

"What does it stand for?" asked Ivan eagerly.

¹ Used by permission of *Everyland*.

"It stands for truth and purity and courage," answered the teacher, looking straight into Ivan's eyes.

"I wish I had one for our window," said Ivan, looking straight back at the teacher.

"Only real Americans have any right to fly an American flag."

The teacher and Ivan turned to see Tom Blake, a big boy in Ivan's class, standing behind them.

"That's true," agreed the teacher, "but what does it take to make a real American?"

"Oh, they have to be born here in America," answered Tom, "and have fathers and grandfathers who helped to make the country!"

Ivan felt so disappointed; for he did want to be a real American, but if what Tom said was true he just never could be. He looked eagerly at the teacher to see if she agreed with Tom.

"That's one way of being an American, Tom," she was saying, "but some of the best Americans I know were not born here, and some of the poorest have had fathers and grandfathers who lived and worked here for many generations. Don't you think, after all, being a good American is just loving America, keeping her laws and helping in every way to make her a better country? No matter how long our forefathers had lived here, we couldn't be good Americans if we ourselves didn't do these things, now could we?"

Tom hung his head and moved off down the hall, but Ivan looked gratefully at the teacher.

"I'm going to be a good American, teacher," he promised solemnly, "but I wish I did have a flag; it would help me to remember what America stands for."

"You will have to wait until you make enough money to buy one," smiled the teacher.

That night Ivan asked his father to buy him a flag, but it took all the money Mr. Sakowsky could make to pay

rent for the tiny flat and buy food and clothes. The next day Ivan found a store that sold flags, but a big one such as he wanted cost a lot of money — more than he could make selling papers in many weeks, even if he had not needed the money to buy books and other things.

Day by day his desire for a flag grew and grew. Every holiday when he saw the bright red, white and blue flags floating from windows he stopped and looked admiringly at them, and remembered how the teacher had said the flag stood for truth and purity and courage.

"Teacher, you don't suppose we could make a flag, do you?" he asked one day.

And that question gave the teacher a great idea. She thought and planned that night, and next morning she talked to her class about the flag — how the first one had been made, how the stars on the blue background had grown from thirteen to forty-eight, what the colors stood for, and then she asked her question.

"How would you boys and girls like to make a flag of our own?"

"Sewing a flag is girls' work," growled Tom.

"Perhaps sewing it is," smiled the teacher, "but making a flag is everybody's work."

"How do you mean make it, if it isn't sewing it?" asked Martha West.

The teacher looked around the room, smiling into the eager faces upturned to her gaze. There were Beppo from Italy, Ivan from Russia, Louis from France, Heinrich from Germany, Mike from Ireland, and many others, to say nothing of all the rest from America.

"I mean really make it by our deeds and our lives," she told them.

"I don't understand how you mean," said Heinrich.

"I do, teacher." Ivan was standing up in his eagerness.

"By doing good and loving the country."

"Ivan has the idea. We will make a flag of our very own, one that we shall love, and of which we shall be very proud. Shall we make it?"

"Yes, yes!" came in a loud chorus.

The teacher reached into her desk and drew out a large white cloth with a square of blue in the upper left-hand corner. She took it out and pinned it on the wall behind her desk.

"And now you boys and girls must help me decide just how we shall go about making our flag," said the teacher when she turned again to face her class.

Such an exciting hour as they had deciding what should go into the making of their flag! Together they decided that since the colors stood for purity, truth, honor, courage, and the flag itself stood for brotherhood, only those things should go into the making of their flag. When any one did a kind, brotherly act that cost him something, he was to cut one star and pin it on the square of blue. When one was tempted to say an ugly word or lose his temper, but didn't, he would put in one of the white bars, and when one did something which showed great moral or physical courage he would put in a bar of glowing red.

"Who will be the judge?" asked Martha. "It would be like bragging to tell on ourselves."

"Martha is quite right," said the teacher, "and I am sure no boasting could be part of a true flag. Since no one could tell on himself, I appoint each one of you to watch every other member of the class and tell me all the nice things you see or hear. These we will report to the class, and the class as a whole shall vote as to whether they are worthy of going into our flag."

So the joy of making a flag began. Susie, who didn't like Germans and always passed the German boys and girls with her head held high, was the first one to make a report.

"Teacher, I saw Heinrich give his lunch to a little Italian

boy who was crying because he dropped his lunch and a dog ate it."

The class decided that that was a kind and brotherly act, so Heinrich, trembling with joy and excitement, cut the first star and pinned it proudly in a corner of the blue.

Beppo had always been a spitfire, ready to fight every time the older boys teased him or called him a Dago, but he put in the first bar of red when some of the older boys followed him home calling him "Dago," "scared-cat," and other names, while Beppo only clinched his fists hard and said nothing. The class voted that that took more real courage than all the fighting Beppo had ever done.

Tom, whose anger was easily aroused, and who sometimes let ugly words slip out, put in the first bar of white when Heinrich saw him bite his lips almost until the blood came to keep back angry words when he had been accused of doing something he hadn't done at all.

Some bars went in because a boy or a girl told the truth, even when it meant punishment for themselves.

So the flag grew and grew. Sometimes two additions would be made in one day; sometimes days would go by without a star or bar being pinned in place. Better even than the way the flag grew was the way the class was growing. Where once there had been quarreling and malice, and sometimes even fighting, there came to be a spirit of love and kindness. Each boy and girl was watching for the good qualities in the others, and was surprised at how many they found. Then, too, they learned that to be beautiful a city must be clean, so no papers or trash was thrown on the floor, in the playground or in the street. The teacher no longer had to remind them about washing face or hands, for who knew when he might have to cut a white star or bar, and not for the world would he soil it with dirty fingers.

Visitors to the school could never get away without going into 5-B, and always before they left must hear the story

of the flag. Sometimes it was Heinrich who told it in his halting English, and sometimes Beppo or Ivan, often Martha or Tom, but the one who told it always left out the part he himself had had in the making, and some one else would have to add it.

No one in all the class watched the growing flag with more joy and pride than Ivan, and no one was happier than he when the class voted him the right to pin on his first star. Each day he looked at the iron holder in his window and wished he had a flag to wave in the breeze, telling the passer-by that a real American lived there. He was saving all the pennies he could spare to buy one, but it took long. He never told any one of his longing, but just watched with happiness in his heart the growing flag behind the teacher's desk.

At last it was all finished except for one bar of red. Ivan was thinking as he walked home from school how beautiful it looked on the wall back of the teacher's desk. He was walking very slowly and thinking so hard that at first he did not notice an old blind Negro woman hobbling slowly along with a basket on her arm, feeling her way with a stick. Ivan never could tell afterwards how it happened. He remembered noticing the old woman just as the heavy truck came dashing around the corner. He ran and pushed her out of the way, but the truck struck him, throwing him down and breaking his leg.

Ivan was in the hospital for a long time. He didn't so much mind the pain, but to miss school and not to see the flag finished, that was hard. When at last he could walk around on crutches the doctor took him home. The very next day Tom and Heinrich came to see him.

"Is the flag finished yet?" Ivan asked, the first thing.

"Friday will be Washington's Birthday, and the teacher says she hopes to have it finished then and have a real celebration," answered Tom.

"I wish I could be there," sighed Ivan.

"Maybe you can," suggested Tom. "Couldn't you go if we helped you?"

"No, the doctor says I can't go downstairs for another week," and Ivan sighed again. He couldn't bear to think of the flag being finished, and the celebration, and he not being there.

Friday morning was bright and beautiful. The sun shone through the window where Ivan sat wishing he could be at school. He was thinking of the stories the teacher had told him about Washington and the first flag, and wondering if their flag had been finished, when there came a knock at the door.

When the door opened who should walk in but the teacher, and behind her Tom and Heinrich, carrying a pole with something soft wrapped around it. At a word from the teacher they shook out the folds, and before Ivan's astonished eyes waved the flag, their flag, and the last red bar was in place.

"Who finished it, teacher?" Ivan had to swallow hard before he could speak.

"You did, Ivan, and because it was your love for the flag which really gave us the idea of making one we want you to have it."

Tom and Heinrich had already raised the window and were putting the flag in place. Ivan couldn't speak but he reached for his crutches and moved over to stand beside the boys and watch the precious flag waving in the wind.

Suddenly he heard music; many voices were singing "America." Ivan looked at the teacher, then at Tom and Heinrich. They were all smiling. He moved nearer to the window and looked out. Across the street stood all the rest of 5-B, singing with all their hearts.

When the song was ended they began saying something together, and Tom and Heinrich and the teacher were say-

ing it with them. Ivan listened. It was something the teacher had taught them when they first began making the flag, and Ivan, leaning on his crutches, joined in with them.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color,

A symbol of yourself,

A pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation.

My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors.

They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts.

We are all making the flag."

Discussion

LEADER: What is the real difference in people after all? Is it the color of their skins, or the language they speak, or the clothes they wear?

BILLY: The way you act makes the difference.

MARY JANE: Character makes the difference.

LEADER: We named a lot of things before the story that made our country a great country. I wonder if we can name a few now that we think most important.

JAMES: Freedom.

LOUISE: They way we act.

BILLY: Peace we have in our country.

GERTRUDE: What we believe in.

NELL: Our religion.

CHARLOTTE: Being good to other people.

JOHN: The policemen in our hearts.

LEADER: Can you think of anything we can do to make our country better?

CHILDREN: Go by the things in the flag, beauty, honor and courage.

Do what your country asks you.

Be truthful.

Be kind.

Be brave.

Be honest.

LEADER: Does being honest just mean not stealing something that doesn't belong to you? Suppose you accidentally broke a window when nobody was looking, and let somebody else get the blame for it. Would that be honest?

CHORUS: No!

LEADER: What would be honest?

BILLY: Tell who did it.

Prayer

LEADER: We have so much to be thankful for in our country, and there is so much we can do for it, too, I am sure we shall all want to talk with the heavenly Father about it.

(Sentence prayers in which children thanked God for country and flag, asked help in keeping laws, that people be made better, that we love the flag and keep what it stands for.)

Memory Verse

Hymn: Fling Out the Banner

Salute to Christian Flag followed by one stanza of "America," Salute to American Flag

Memorization

(Lane's words about the flag, quoted at end of story.)

Recess**Handwork**

(New page made for notebook. Last half hour used to show slides of some other country.)

Reassembly

LEADER: Were all the people who live in America born here?

SEVERAL: No.

LEADER: What do we call the people who came here from other countries?

JAMES: Foreigners.

LEADER: Tomorrow we want to think about the people who have come to us from other lands, and find out what we can do to make them happy, good citizens. So be thinking about it, and see if you can find out what people here in our own town came from other countries. Some of the people who have become great and done much for our country were not born here. I am going to ask some of you to find out about three of them. Billy, will you see if you can find out something about Jacob Riis? Mary Jane, will you look up Mary Antin, and Charlotte, tell us something about Edward Bok?

Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal

SIXTH DAY

Theme: Entertaining Strangers

Memory Verse: Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels un-
awares. — *Hebrews 13:2*.

Memory Hymn: Jesus Shall Reign.

Materials: Flags of countries reported on; new pages for notebooks; red paper for cutting hearts on which to paste figures; patterns as furnished; pictures to make leaves for scrapbook of American children and American homes to send some mission school; best pages made yesterday exhibited; prints of paintings done by Negroes; Dunbar's poems.

March

Hymn: This Is My Father's World

Prayer

Roll Call

Reports from Countries Assigned

(The next six countries in the list were assigned.)

Reports on Jacob Riis, Mary Antin, Edward Bok

LEADER: These are some foreigners who have become famous, but there are thousands of others in our country who are quietly helping every day. I wonder if

we are making them love our country or wish they were back in their own lands? I asked you yesterday to find out about the people in our town who had come here from other countries. I will write them on the board as you tell me. (Children mentioned fifteen nations represented.) Can any of you tell me where your forefathers came from? (Many could, and they represented a wide range of countries.) All of us have forefathers who came from some other country. If we really go back far enough none of us is American. Who were the only real Americans?

KATHERINE: The Indians.

LEADER: Yes. Among the other nations you mentioned here in our town were the Negroes, and I want to tell you some of the things they have done. (Showed copies of pictures painted by Negroes, and read a poem of Dunbar's. Spoke of their faithfulness during the days of slavery.) We have been looking at the flags of all nations, and yesterday we studied our own flag and decided that we thought it was the loveliest flag in the world. I wonder how we can make the strangers who come here love it, too. I have a story which I think will help us find out.

Story: The Spirit of the Flag¹

It was a warm day in June, so warm that it was hot. Query Queer lay in the shadow of the maple tree in the front yard. He loved the feel of the soft, cool grass on his

¹ Slightly adapted from *Mr. Friend o' Man*, by Jay T. Stocking. Published by the Council of Women for Home Missions and the Missionary Education Movement. Used by permission.

hands and feet. As he lay on his side, he could see the flag rippling ever so gently over the door. As he gazed at it intently one of the stars seemed to slip right off the field of blue and float over to where he lay.

Just as it reached him he heard a tinkle-tankle, tinkle-tanker, tink, and a bit of a laugh which he recognized. He had heard the merry little laugh before.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man. How did you get here without my seeing you?"

"Oh, I just sailed over in my white airship; there she goes!" said he, pointing to what had seemed to Query Queer to be a star.

"Why, that's nothing but a piece of thistledown!" said Query.

"Yes, that's what I call my ship — *The Thistledown*."

"What are you doing today, Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man?"

"I'm helping with the flags today," he replied. "You know this is Flag Day."

"Yes, I know," said Query. "The minister spoke about it in church today. But what do you do with the flag?"

"Lots of things. I'm ever so busy.

"I brush the dust from their glorious bars;
I polish up their gleaming stars;
I fill them full of wondrous light,
Till they shine by day, as stars by night;
I try, by all my crafts and arts,
To put the flag into people's hearts."

"You put the flag into people's hearts? That's just what I was wondering about when you came along. The minister said this morning that we should put the flag into people's hearts. I wish you'd tell me how you do it."

"Oh, there are lots of ways!" said Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man.

"Have you a flag for the City of Is-to-Be?"

"Of course; every place has its flag."

"What is yours like?"

"It's just like yours. We call it the stars and stripes too."

"Isn't that queer?" said Query.

"It is a bit strange, but then the flag is so beautiful that I think at least two countries ought to have it, don't you? Besides, our country is so far away that the flags won't get mixed."

"And in your country," said Query, "do you put the flag into the hearts of the people?"

"Certainly. Have you never heard how they did it, once upon a time?"

Query shook his head.

"Well, then I will tell you." With that he stretched out on the grass, leaning on his right elbow, and told this story to Query, who lay stretched out, leaning on his left elbow.

Just about the time that the City of As-It-Is was being changed to the City of Is-to-Be a great many people came to it from other countries. They were called foreigners. They were quite different from the people of As-It-Is. They dressed differently, had different customs, and of course spoke other languages. Some of them had dark hair, dark skins, dark eyes. Others had light skins, light hair, high cheek bones, and blue eyes. Most of them lived in the poorest part of the valley, where the streets were narrowest and the tenements were dingiest and dirtiest.

The people who had lived a long time in the City of As-It-Is did not like these foreigners very well. They called them rude names, and did not make friends with them, but treated them shabbily. Their children often made fun of the children of the strangers. So it was not surprising that many of these people became bitterly disappointed and

homesick, and frequently said unpleasant things about the city. Some of them even said bold, bad things about the flag.

When the citizens of As-It-Is heard these things they were greatly troubled, and some of them were much excited and very angry. Meetings were held throughout the city to determine what should be done.

One of these meetings was held in the Church of the Friendly Heart. Mr. Friend-o'-Man, Mr. Good-Neighbor, Mr. Work-Hard, and Dr. Great-Heart were all there. Indeed there were so many there that I have forgotten their names.

"They say," said one speaker, "that they do not love our country or our flag. There's Tony Morelli. He says he likes the flag of his own country better—red and white and green. He thinks it is much finer than the Stars and Stripes.

"And there is Max Schweitzer. He says he likes the red flag with the white cross in the middle, and that it is much finer than the Stars and Stripes.

"And Gustaf Johannsen says the flag for him is the blue one with the yellow cross on it, and red, yellow and blue in the corners.

"And Alexander Margolis, who speaks Greek, hangs the blue flag with the white bars and the white cross on the front of his house; he says he doesn't want the Stars and Stripes."

"Worst of all," said another speaker, "there is Red Radical. He loves the plain red flag. He says, 'Down with the Stars and Stripes and up with the red flag.'

"It is, indeed, a very serious matter, that we have people among us who do not love our flag and do not think it the most beautiful in the world. What are we going to do about it?"

"Mr. Chairman," said a speaker, rising, "I propose that

we send these people all back home. If they do not like our flag, then let them go to a country whose flag they do like."

"Mr. Chairman," said a second speaker, "I think we should put them into prison."

"I think, Mr. Chairman," said a third speaker, much excited, "that any person who makes remarks about the Star-Spangled Banner should be tarred and feathered and made to kiss the flag."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man calmly, "that we ought to put the flag into the hearts of all of these foreigners."

"How would you put the flag into their hearts?" asked two or three at once.

"There are many ways of doing it," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "if we only have the Spirit of the Flag. I think we ought to ask God to send us the Spirit of the Flag; then we shall know how to do it."

So they asked God to send them the Spirit of the Flag.

"Before we separate," said Mr. Friend-o'-Man, "perhaps some one will tell us something more about this man, Red Radical."

"I can," said a volunteer. "He is a poor man living in a wretched tenement. He has a large family and a sick wife. He frequently has no work, and at such times there is no bread in the house. He has lately come from a far northern country and knows little about our language and customs. He reads books and listens to speeches which say that this country is bad, and its laws are not just."

After some further discussion the meeting adjourned.

Not many evenings later Mr. Good-Neighbor sat by his library table reading. Soft rays from the lamp fell upon his paper. As he read his eyes fell upon a picture of the flag. Somehow that picture set him to thinking.

At just that moment something happened which Mr. Good-Neighbor did not see. The door opened a wee crack,

just wide enough to let in a small slender visitor. He was gaily clad. He had silk trousers (or they looked like silk), striped red and white. His jacket was blue and his face wreathed in stars. Of course it was the Spirit of the Flag, but because he was a spirit Mr. Good-Neighbor could not see him. He tripped gaily but softly across the room to where Mr. Good-Neighbor sat and took him by the hand.

Mr. Good-Neighbor did not feel the hand in his, but, marvelous to say, at just that instant he began thinking about Red Radical and his little children. "Perhaps they are hungry," thought he; "work has been scarce of late and they may not have enough to eat." The thought of hungry little children was quite dreadful.

So although it was quite late he rose and packed a basket full of good things to eat. There were oranges, apples, cakes, jellies, and a stack of other nice things. Right on top, and in the middle of the basket, he perched a little flag of red, white and blue.

He did not know exactly where Red Radical lived, but the Spirit of the Flag took him by the hand and led the way. It was not long before he found himself at the right place. He climbed a flight of stairs and knocked at a battered, dingy door. A pale, surly man opened it.

"Is this Mr. Radical's house?" asked Mr. Good-Neighbor.

"My name is Radical, yes. Who are you and what is your business?" he asked, with a half-frightened air.

"I'm just a friend; I want to leave this basket."

Red made as if to close the door.

"It's for the children," said Mr. Good-Neighbor, whereat Red relented and opened the door wider.

"Come in," he said, with little grace.

The basket surely came just in time, for there was little to eat in the house. After Mr. Good-Neighbor had said good

night, what shouts there were from the children, as they took one thing after another from the wonderful basket!

"See," said Red, Junior, as he picked up the little flag. "What a pretty flag!"

But the father only said, "Huh."

Not many evenings later Dr. Great-Heart sat in his office. He had just finished a hard day's work and had settled down in his easy chair to rest. As he leaned his head back his eyes fell on the big flag that hung on the wall. At that minute the office door opened just wide enough and long enough to let in a short and slender figure with striped trousers, blue jacket and face wreathed in stars.

Dr. Great-Heart could not see the Spirit of the Flag as he tripped over to his chair, or feel him as he took him gently by the hand. But wonderful to relate at just that moment he thought of Red Radical and his wife. He had not seen her for a long time. He had heard she was ill. Perhaps they had no money so that they could not send for him. He had better go and see.

So he pulled on his greatcoat again and took his bag and started out. The Spirit of the Flag walked by his side to help him find the way. It was not long before he reached the place, found the stairs and knocked at the battered and dingy door. Red Radical opened it, paused a moment in surprise, and then let the doctor in. Sure enough, Red's wife was sick and looked very pale. The doctor left some medicine. "Just to make it look gay," he said, "and to take away the bitter taste," he stuck a tiny flag into the cork of the bottle, and with a hearty "Good night" he was gone.

When Red gave his wife the first dose of medicine he removed the flag, looked at it on both sides, and stuck it in a vase. He did not throw it aside.

A few evenings later Mr. Work-Hard, the mason, sat by the table when supper was over, listening to his children talk about the parade, the band and the flags. As they spoke

about the flags, the door opened just a crack for just a second, and there slipped in a little figure in red, white and blue. Mr. Work-Hard did not see him. Nobody saw him as he tripped over to the mason and took him by the hand. Strange to say at just that instant Mr. Work-Hard chanced to think of Red Radical.

"I wonder," thought he, "whether he has any work these days. These are hard days to be without work. I believe I'll go over and see."

He did not know the way very well, but with the good little guide by his side he found it easily. Soon he had reached the place, found the stairs and knocked at the battered and dingy door.

Red opened the door and after a little chat he quickly agreed to work for the mason. While the door was open Mr. Work-Hard saw how poor and bare were the rooms where Red Radical lived. So on Saturday night, when he paid Red he put in an extra bill neatly wrapped in a tiny silk flag.

When Red opened his envelope that night, and found what was inside, he took the flag, smoothed it out gently, and stuck it into the buttonhole of his coat.

"A pretty flag," said his wife, "isn't it? "

"Not bad," said Red.

Not long after that, Mr. Service and his Sunday-school class of boys were meeting in their room at the Church of the Friendly Heart. They were talking about what the flag stood for. Beside them, though they did not see him, stood a little figure in red, white and blue. He smiled to think that he could see them and they could not see him. They did not hear him say a word. At the very moment he took his place beside them, they began to speak about Red Radical and his family.

"What can we do for them?" asked Mr. Service.

"We could play ball together," said one.

"We might invite them to the picnic," said another.

"They could help with our Christmas tree when Christmas comes around," said a third.

"And we could give them some Christmas presents," said another.

At just about that same hour Miss Bright-Mind and her class of girls were meeting in another room at the Church of the Friendly Heart. They too were talking about the flag. A little figure in red, white and blue stole into the room, just as they began to speak about Red Radical and the others.

"We ought to do something for them," said Miss Bright-Mind.

"We can teach their mother our language," said one.

"We might find some hair ribbons for the girls," said another.

"We could visit Mrs. Red Radical; we could take her some flowers and help her tidy up the house."

"Yes, and we could take some fresh milk for the baby, or take her round to the day nursery."

The work of all was just as good as their words. The boys asked the youngsters to play ball and invited them to the picnic. When Christmas came around the celebration was doubly joyful because Red Radical's children had helped to trim the tree.

The girls went often to Red Radical's house; they taught the family their language and customs; they visited Mrs. Radical when she was sick, and carried her flowers; they carried milk from the milk station for the baby; they took the children to the Day Nursery. They trimmed the Christmas tree with tinsel and lights and put on it a gift for every member of the family. They hung on the tree, also, a gift which came from the boys, marked "For all." Red himself opened it and unfolded a beautiful silk flag.

He looked at it a moment, then waved it while the chil-

dren danced about. "Hurrah!" they shouted. "Yes, hurrah!" said Red. "I used to think the red flag was the most beautiful flag, but now I think a flag is much lovelier if it also has white and blue in it. This is the flag for me."

Of course we are not to think for a moment that Red Radical and his family accepted all these gifts and kindnesses and did nothing in return. Instead they gave to Mr. Good-Neighbor and Dr. Great-Heart and Mr. Work-Hard and the boys and girls beautiful, strange things that they had brought with them when they came from their northern country. Giving these things made them very happy. In this way they all learned to know and like each other, and soon they became fast friends.

Mr. Good-Neighbor gave Red Radical some books that told him all about the country. Often Dr. Great-Heart used to stop and talk with him about what the flag stood for.

Mr. Work-Hard gave Red Radical a good job and finally took him into his business. Furthermore, Red Radical and his family went to the Church of the Friendly Heart, where they became so interested and friendly that they were always sure of a warm welcome.

It was all these things which made Red Radical very sure that the Stars and Stripes was a much lovelier flag than the red one.

While Mr. Good-Neighbor and Dr. Great-Heart and Mr. Work-Hard and the boys and girls were doing kind things for Red Radical, and becoming friends, the Spirit of the Flag was leading many other people of the Church of the Friendly Heart to do kind things for Tony Morelli, and Max Schweitzer, and Gus Johannsen, and Alexander Margolis, and a great many other foreigners whose names I cannot remember or even pronounce, and to become their friends.

"Is that all?" asked Query when Mr. Wise-and-Wonder-Man had stopped speaking.

"Isn't that enough? Well, when any one asked Red Radical about the flag afterwards he would always say that if they could see his heart they would find the Stars and Stripes written on his heart. But I must be going, I have a lot of things to do before I go to sleep."

By the time Query got to his feet his visitor had vanished, but he thought he heard a bit of a song floating back on the wind:

"I brush the dust from their glorious bars;
I polish up their gleaming stars;
I fill them full of wondrous light,
Till they shine by day as stars by night;
I try by all my crafts and arts,
To put the flag into people's hearts."

Discussion

LEADER: Can we put on the board now some of the things which we might do to make the strangers in our community love the country and our flag?

Children's Suggestions

Give them some of our lunch if they don't have any
Show them around
Show them how to play
Be kind to them
Play with them
Give them flowers

If they don't understand what the teacher said, explain to them. Tell them what is right and what is wrong.

(Children were most eager and interested to discuss the foreigners they knew, and the Negroes about whom they knew most.)

LEADER: Don't you think we might put the flag in our hearts with our policeman?

Hymn: Father, Lead Me Day by Day

Story of Good Samaritan

Sentence Prayers by Children, Closed by Leader

Memory Verse

Finishing Work on Lane's Words about the Flag

Recess

Handwork

Pages made for notebook, each child drawing American flag and writing verse of *America* under it, memory verse at the top. When these were done children who had been doing best work were put together under an instructor to finish valentines, while others made pages for a scrapbook of American children, homes and games to be sent to some mission school.

LEADER: In our search for the things that bring peace and goodwill, where would we go after our own country?

(Few questions brought the answer, "The World.")

Hymn: Jesus Shall Reign

SEVENTH DAY

Theme: Peace and Goodwill Throughout the World

Memory Verse: He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.—
Acts 17:26.

Memory Hymn: Jesus Shall Reign.

Materials: Flags of countries reported on; new pages for notebooks, each child drawing on the page the flag of the country he represents, coloring with crayon, memory verse written at top, under the flag something about the country, or some things which make for peace; unfinished valentines; pages for scrapbooks; best pages made yesterday exhibited; pictures of Mexico and things planned for bags.

March

Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal

Prayer

Roll Call

Reports from Countries Assigned

(The next six countries on the list were assigned.)

Talk about League of Nations

LEADER: What did we think and talk about yesterday in our search for the things that bring peace and goodwill?

KATHERINE: Foreigners in our country.

LEADER: And where do we go today? Louise, you tell me.

LOUISE: To all the world.

LEADER: Yes, now we will take in all the countries in the League of Nations and all that are outside. How many countries are in the League?

CHORUS: Fifty-six.

(Leader called attention to enlarged circle on board and let children tell what each ring represents.)

LEADER: Today before we put on the board the things we think would make for peace and goodwill throughout the world, I want to tell you a story of a princess who was searching for the same things.

Story: The Princess' Search for Peace

The princess sat in a room of her palace and looked out into her beautiful garden, but instead of being happy she was weeping bitterly. Her old nurse, who had been like a mother to her always, stood by trying to comfort her.

"There, there, lamb," she said, "it is too bad, but it can't be helped. Remember you are to be a queen now and must think about your people."

"That's what I am thinking about," sobbed the princess. "I hate war, and I don't know how to make people stop fighting. My father and my brother were both killed in this last war, and thousands of our loyal subjects. It hasn't helped the country or settled anything. We won the war, but the countries we were fighting against will hate us worse than ever and soon will start another war."

"You'll just have to keep lots of soldiers all the time," said the nurse.

"But I don't want soldiers. I want people to plant the fields, keep the stores, build houses, and to be preachers and doctors and teachers, and to do all sorts of things to make our country better and more beautiful, and our people happier."

"You are very young and very sad, Princess. Why don't you send for some of the learned men of your kingdom and ask their advice?" suggested the nurse.

"I will. Send one of my pages to me," and the princess sat up straight, wiped her eyes and waited. Soon the page appeared.

"Page," said the princess, "go ask my head counselor to come to me at once."

The page disappeared and soon returned with the chief counselor, who bowed before the princess.

"Counselor," said the princess, "I hate war. It took my father and my brother and many of my brave subjects, destroyed our towns and cities, and we are poorer and more unhappy than before."

"True, O Princess, but we won the war, defeated our enemies and got back that part of our country they had stolen," reminded the counselor.

"Yes, but our enemies hate us more than ever and will soon be fighting us again," sighed the princess.

The counselor was silent a moment and then suggested: "Send for the commander of the army and ask him how to keep peace. He should know."

The page was dispatched for the commander of the army and when he bowed before the princess she asked at once, "Commander, tell me how we can keep peace with all of our neighboring countries? I am tired and sick of war."

"Princess, the best way to keep peace is to have plenty of well-trained soldiers, and strong forts all along our borders, and a big navy; then all the countries will be afraid to fight us."

"But they'll hate us all the more," sighed the princess.

"What do we care about that," answered the commander, "just so long as they are afraid to bother us?"

"But that isn't what I want," said the princess. "I want them to love us so they will not want to fight us."

"Oh, well, that's out of my line!" said the commander. "I can tell you all about hate and fighting, but I don't know much about love. If that's what you want, I suggest you send for one of our great preachers; he ought to know."

The commander bowed himself out backwards, as is always proper when going out of the presence of royalty, and the princess bowed her head and looked so sad that the little page wanted to help her.

"Shall I go for the preacher?" he asked, after a minute.

The princess nodded her head and he sped away to return very soon with a man wearing a long black coat and a black tie, who bowed himself before the princess.

"What can I do for you, Princess?" he asked very kindly.

"Preacher, I am sick of war. I want you to tell me how to have peace, not only for ourselves but for all countries."

"Princess, to have peace we must preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and tell everybody how he came to bring peace and love to the world."

"Haven't you and all the other preachers been doing that for all these years?" asked the princess.

"Yes," answered the preacher, "but we can't make people believe it."

The princess and the preacher looked out of the window, and there were lines across their foreheads which showed they were thinking hard.

"Princess, let me go bring one of our fine teachers to you," at last suggested the preacher. "I am sure she can help us find some way of bringing peace."

The princess still sat and looked out of the window until the preacher came back bringing the teacher with him. The princess looked at her and her face was so bright the princess couldn't help smiling.

"Oh, can you help us to find a way to keep from ever fighting any more wars, and to have peace between all the nations?"

"Why, yes," answered the teacher, still smiling. "If we are ever to have peace we must plant it in the hearts of the children."

"And all this time I have been preaching to grown people," sighed the preacher. "I should have known the children would be the ones to open their hearts to Christ and his message."

"I have wondered why you didn't think of that," said the teacher. "What we should do is to work together. Let's send for some of the children; they'll help us find a way."

"Page, go bring two children at once, the first two you find," ordered the princess.

The page hurried away and soon came back with a child on each side, a boy and a girl. They were trying to pull away from his grip, and they looked frightened.

When they saw the princess they dropped on their knees and cried out, "O Princess, we were not doing any harm! We were just looking through the fence at all your pretty flowers. Truly, we weren't hurting anything."

The princess reached out her hands and lifted them up.

"Of course you weren't," she said. "I asked my page to bring you here so you could help us find a way to make the children all over the world love each other so much there would never be any more wars."

"Why, we have children from all over the world right in our school and we already love them," said the girl.

"Yes, we do," added the boy.

"But how can we get the boys and girls who still live in other countries to loving each other?" asked the princess.

"We can write them letters and send them gifts," suggested the girl.

"And we can learn to know more about each other," added the boy. "They are all just like us and they don't want their fathers and brothers killed any more than we do."

"And we can tell those who don't know about Jesus and how he came to make people love each other and not to fight." The girl spoke again.

The princess looked at the preacher and the teacher and they were both smiling and nodding their heads.

"And we'll help," they both promised.

"Go find those boys and girls you say are here from every land and bring them all to me. I want to see and talk to them."

The boy and the girl ran away hand in hand. The princess watched them go with a smile on her face. The preacher and the teacher nodded their heads as much as to say, "We told you that was the way."

In almost no time at all they were back, and such a crowd of happy boys and girls as marched behind them! Each one carried the flag of the country from which he came and they marched around and around the princess, singing. When the song was ended they lined up and saluted their princess. She saluted back and then spoke to them: "Boys and girls, will you promise to help us spread Christ's gospel of love and peace among the children everywhere, so that when you all grow up there will never be any more wars?"

"Yes, princess," they all answered. Then they sang another song and said some verses they had been learning together about peace, and marched away again.

Just what they did, or how they did it, I cannot tell you, but this I know: never again while the princess reigned, nor long afterwards, were there any wars in her country or any of the other countries round about.

Discussion

LEADER: We have been finding the things that make for peace and goodwill in our homes, school, playgrounds, community, among strangers, and today we want to see if we can find the things that make for peace among the nations of the world. I shall ask Margaret to write them on the board as you tell me.

Children's Suggestions

Be friendly	Work hard
Love everybody	Don't fuss
Be kind	Be pure
Send missionaries	Be honest
Be forgiving	Don't curse
Have love in our hearts	Don't cheat
Obey the laws	Act so they can trust you
Play fair	Don't be cruel
Keep from getting angry	Teach foreigners
Help others	
Keep the flag in our hearts	
Respect other people's flags	
Do not make fun of anybody	
Keep a policeman in our hearts	
Play with children from other countries	
Share what you have with others	

(Showed pictures of Mexico; planned things to go in bag. Spoke of sending the dolls to Japan, and how these things make for friendship.)

Memory Verse

LEADER: Sometimes, you know, there are people who get the idea that they are better than other people, because of the color of their skin, or because they have more money, or finer houses, but there is a verse in the Bible which shows us that God made us all alike. I want us to learn it today. (Memory verse.)

Worship

Hymn: Jesus Shall Reign.

Shall we repeat our memory verse together before we talk to our heavenly Father? (Verse repeated; sentence prayers by children, closed by leader.)

Hymn: Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

Recess

Handwork

Page for notebooks, each child drawing the flag of country he represents, memory verse at top and something about the country under flag. Work on valentines and scrapbooks.

Reassembly and Announcements

EIGHTH DAY

Theme: The Things Which Make for Peace

Memory Hymn: Jesus Shall Reign.

Memory Verse: Let us, therefore follow after the things which make for peace — *Romans 14:19*.

Materials: Flags of countries reported on; pages for notebook, representing things which stand for peace; lantern slides of some foreign country; best pages made yesterday exhibited.

Blackboard: Have written the things children said made happy homes, with additions made later on, and opposite the things they said made for peace and happiness throughout the world.

March

Hymn: Jesus Shall Reign

Prayer

Roll Call

Reports from Countries Assigned

(The next six countries in the list were assigned.)

Discussion

LEADER: We have enlarged our circle day by day until now we have taken in all the world. Today we want to think just about the things that make for peace everywhere as a review. (Boards used were reversible

and on one had been written the things that make for peace and happiness in our homes, and on the other board the things that make for peace among nations, then the clean sides had been turned to the room.) Elizabeth, will you write the things on the board as the boys and girls tell them to us?

Children's List

Peaceful commerce	Freedom
Being honest	Work
Being kind	Not quarreling
Obedying the laws	Being cheerful
Helping each other	Being thrifty
Loving each other	Working together
Being friendly	Not fighting
Playing fair	Being honest
Acting so people could trust you	
Don't be a traitor to your country	

LEADER: We have been learning a lot of things about other countries too. What are some of the things we have learned?

Children's List

Where they are
 What kind of things they have
 What kind of clothes they wear
 What they raise
 What kind of industries they have
 What kind of language they speak

Something about their characters
What color they are
Their populations
Something about their ways
Something about the food they eat
The kind of houses they live in
How they look
That they love each other
The kind of shoes they wear
How they carry their babies
That they have children just like us
About their education
The kind of things they ride in
The kind of cities they have
That they are all human just like we are

LEADER: Does it make any difference what color their faces are?

CHILDREN: What they think in their hearts is what makes the difference. All over the world there are boys and girls just like us. In some countries they do not know about Jesus, and we send missionaries to tell them.

LEADER (as boards are turned): Boys and girls, here on this board are the things you said make peaceful, happy homes, and on this other board are the things you said make for peace in the world. Let's compare them and see how much alike they are.

(They found them almost the same. Questions were asked which brought out the fact that after all the great principles that underlie all peace are love, honesty, help-

fulness, all of which come from the teachings of Jesus. The memory verse was then learned.)

Worship

Hymn: Jesus Shall Reign

Memory Verse

Prayer

Hymn: Lead On, O King Eternal

Story Dramatization

LEADER: You boys and girls know that we are to have commencement next Friday night and we shall have a part on that program. Do you think we might dramatize the story I told you yesterday?

(All eager to do so. Children voted on the ones to take the leading parts. Order of events and names of characters written on board, and story repeated at their request. They went through the play once.)

Recess

Handwork

Pages for notebooks.

Stereopticon Pictures

NINTH DAY

Theme: Where Does Peace Really Begin?

Hymn: Jesus Shall Reign.

Memory Verse: Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. — Matthew 5:9. Review of all memory work.

Materials: Posters which have been brought in exhibited, calling attention to those which have been given stars; flags for countries reported on.

March

Hymn: This Is My Father's World

Prayer

Roll Call

Reports from Countries Assigned

(The next six countries in the list were assigned.)

Discussion

LEADER: Boys and girls, we have been talking about the things that make for peace and happiness everywhere. We have them written here on the board. To-day let us put opposite them the things that make war and unhappiness. Elizabeth will write them on the board as you tell us.

Children's List

Quarreling	Killing people
Fighting	Bragging
Being dishonest	Being selfish
Hating each other	Being jealous
Being unkind	Spying on people
Being a traitor to your country	
Not acting so people can trust you	
Not being friendly with people	

LEADER: Now we have right before us the things that make for war and the things that make for peace. Which would you like to live by? When we began our search for peace and goodwill we began where?

BILLIE: In our homes.

(Called attention to each ring in the circle.)

LEADER: But after all did we really begin at the very beginning? Could we get an even smaller circle than homes, even just a small dot in the very middle?

(A few questions brought out the answer, "Begin with ourselves.")

LEADER: Yes, after all, our homes, schools, communities and even our country and the world are just made up of individuals, and if we didn't love the things that are good and that bring peace, there would never be any peace or goodwill anywhere, would there? I want to tell you a story of a princess who found that out.

Story: The Princess Beautiful ¹

Little Princess Isabel had enough to make any child happy. She lived in a grand old castle with her father and mother, the king and the queen, who loved her and gave her everything that money could buy. But little Princess Isabel was not happy. She would not play with any of her beautiful playthings, for she was tired of them all. She seldom went out into the wonderful castle garden, for she said she had seen all the flowers so many times she was tired of looking at them. There were no other children in the castle but the pages and the princess would not play with them, because she did not like to play with boys, so she had no play-mates and was very lonely.

There was another reason why the Princess Isabel was not happy — something that she had never told any one. The little princess had always wished to be beautiful, and she knew that her face was very plain. Sometimes she would look into the mirror and say to herself, “Why aren’t my eyes bright and my cheeks round and rosy? Why isn’t my face pretty instead of being thin and pale and ugly?” Then she would draw her eyebrows together in a frown, and sit down and pout.

One day she was sitting in her pretty little bedroom crying. She had locked the door and would let no one in, not even her mother, the queen. Suddenly she heard a pleasant little voice say, “Why do you cry, little Princess Isabel?” and looking up she saw standing in front of her a dear little fairy with the sweetest, prettiest face she had ever seen in her life.

“I am the Happy Fairy,” she said, “and perhaps I can help you if you will tell me your troubles.”

“Oh, you are so beautiful!” said the princess. “If I were as beautiful as you I should be happy too. That is

¹ From *The Pilgrim Elementary Teacher*.

why I was crying — I just long to be beautiful, and I am not pretty at all.”

“I am sure I can help you in that,” said the fairy. “If you really wish to be beautiful I can teach you how to become so in three lessons, if you will do as I tell you to do.”

“Oh, I’ll promise to do anything you tell me,” said Isabel; “anything in the world that will make me beautiful.”

“Then we will begin right now,” said the fairy. “This will be your first lesson. Every time you look into the face of another person, no matter who it may be, you must smile. Do this until I return and do not fail once.”

And after she had said this the Happy Fairy disappeared.

“Why, what a funny lesson!” thought the princess, “but I promised to do what the fairy said.”

Then she unlocked the door, and in a little while her mother, the queen, entered. The princess looked up and smiled, and it made the queen glad. When her maid came in a little later the princess smiled again and the maid was surprised. The princess kept it up. She smiled on the pages and they were delighted. She had a smile for every one who looked at her, and every one had a smile for the little princess.

“What has come over our little Isabel?” said the king to the queen one day. “She is always smiling now.”

Princess Isabel kept her promise to the Happy Fairy, and did not forget once, so after a while smiling became a habit, and she smiled almost without knowing that she was smiling.

One day when she least expected it the Happy Fairy came. There she was standing before her again.

“You have practiced your first lesson well,” she said, “and are ready for the second: every day you must spend at least one hour in the castle gardens. Look for the beautiful things there and see how many you can count each day until I return again.” Then the fairy disappeared.

Princess Isabel had no idea there were so many beautiful things in the gardens until she began to look for them. Then she wondered how she could ever count them all. So many kinds of flowers and every one beautiful! She looked at the lovely little buds and the beautiful leaves on each plant, the ripples on the lake, the fountains and the rainbow in the spray and the sunbeams shining on the water. Even the grass was beautiful, and the trees and the birds that sang in them. One day as she came around a high hedge she met the gardener's little boy face to face. The princess smiled, then the boy smiled, and from that moment they were good friends. The gardener's boy knew where to find many beautiful things that the princess would never have seen alone. Sometimes they came from the lake, sometimes he had to dig in the ground for them, and often he had to climb a tree. The little princess became so interested that she spent many hours each day in the fresh air and sunshine looking for beautiful things in the castle gardens, and always finding more.

Suddenly the fairy appeared again. "I will give you your last lesson," she said.

Princess Isabel laughed. "I had almost forgotten what my lessons were for," she said, "they have kept me so busy and so happy."

"There is only one more," said the fairy. "Note every kind deed done for you until you see me again."

At the end of the first week the princess was amazed when she thought of all the kind deeds done for her. The gardener's boy planned happy surprises in the garden every day. Since she had smiled on the court cook he had prepared some dainty dish for her at each meal. The pages were eager to do anything they could for the Princess Isabel. The ladies in waiting showed her every attention, while the king and queen lavished their love more and more.

"Every one is so good to me," thought the princess as

she sat alone one evening, "it makes me love them all. I am going to do everything I can to make each one happy."

"Looking for beauty fills the mind with beautiful thoughts," said a sweet little voice, "and trying to make others happy fills the heart with love. Both shine in the face and make it beautiful. You have your wish!"

It was the Happy Fairy, who never came again, for her work was done. Princess Isabel spent no more time looking into the mirror and pouting; she was too busy with beautiful things. People in the castle wondered as she became lovelier day by day, and when she grew up she was known throughout the whole kingdom and beyond as the Princess Beautiful.—*Gertrude Jenkins*.

Worship

Hymn: Father, Lead Me Day by Day

Memory Verse

LEADER: Shall we ask the heavenly Father to help us to become real peacemakers in our homes, at school, at play, everywhere?

Sentence Prayers

LEADER: Now I want each of you to write me a prayer for peace. We shall put them all together and make a prayer of our own to use at our commencement tomorrow night.

(Paper and pencils given out and prayers written.)

Recess

Rehearsal of Play and Review of Memory Work

Meeting of council called for close of school to make final report.

TENTH DAY

Theme: Nobel Peace Prize and the Americans Who Have Won It

Memory Work: Review.

Memory Hymn: Review of the two hymns learned.

Materials: Posters on exhibition; costumes for play and flags in readiness for commencement; gifts for Mexican bags.

March

Hymn: This Is My Father's World

Prayer

Reports from Countries Assigned

Talk about Nobel Peace Prize

(Leader talked to children about the Nobel peace prize, and the four Americans who have been awarded this prize — Roosevelt, Root, Wilson and Dawes; told a little something of what these men did to be worthy of the prize. Asked the children to name others they thought have helped to spread peace and goodwill among the nations. Many answered, "Lindbergh." Others mentioned missionaries.)

LEADER: Now we have come to the very last day of our school, and I am sorry, for I have had a wonderful time. We have found out many interesting things. I

hope we are going to remember them. Where did we decide that peace and goodwill must really begin if it is to fill the world?

CHORUS: In our own hearts.

LEADER: You remember that the first day of school I told you a story about a class of boys and girls who formed a Junior League of Nations and started out on a search for the things that make for peace and goodwill, and that gave us the idea of forming one of our own. I didn't finish that story, but told you I would tell the rest of it the day our school closed, so if you like I will finish it now.

Story: Living Letters

For weeks Miss Lois and her class had a wonderful time finding out about the countries all over the world, and many interesting things about the people who lived in them. They no longer seemed like strange people, but almost like friends they knew and liked, but didn't see very often.

One day Miss Lois left the room for a few minutes and while she was out Martha West stood up and spoke to the class.

"Boys and girls, we've had such a good time in our Junior League, don't you wish we could do something as a surprise for Miss Lois that would show her how much we have learned?"

Of course everybody thought that would be great, but what could they do?

Miss Lois came back just then, so there was no time to discuss it, but for several days on the playground little groups could be seen talking earnestly together. One day Martha had a sudden inspiration which she confided to a group.

"I have it, girls! Let's ask Miss Abel when she comes for our next music lesson, if she will help us plan something. Miss Lois always goes out of the room then."

They all thought that a fine idea, so the next time Miss Abel came for the music lesson, they told her all about the League, and how they wanted to have a surprise for Miss Lois on the day the last reports were made.

"Well, what is the very biggest thing you have learned?" asked Miss Abel.

"That if we want to have peace and goodwill among all people there must be a lot of love," answered Tom. And all the rest agreed with him.

"All right," said Miss Abel, "that's what we'll work on."

And work they did for the next week or more, but they were very careful never to let Miss Lois suspect the secret, for they wanted it to be a real surprise. She was always giving them lovely surprises and now it was their turn.

They went through old trunks for costumes, and when they could not find suitable ones, mothers were pressed into service to make them.

The day the report was made from the last country they had a wonderful time talking about the customs and the people, and the things they had discovered. Miss Lois wrote these on the board as the boys and girls told her, and the board was full.

They were all too excited over what was to come to do very much studying, but there wasn't long to wait now. Miss Abel would soon come for the music lesson and they had everything arranged. When they were all ready and in place on the playground, Miss Abel would go to find Miss Lois and bring her out on the little balcony, and such a surprise as she would have!

When Miss Lois walked out on the little platform just above the playground, there were the children standing before her. Each one wore the costume of the country he

represented, and carried his own flag. It was a lovely picture. They were standing in a half circle and every face was wreathed in smiles. As soon as Miss Lois appeared they began singing. It sounded like an old song, but the words were new and they were careful to sing so that Miss Lois would understand them. They were all about friendship and goodwill.

When the song was ended they began marching around and as they marched they were saying something. Miss Lois leaned over the balcony railing so as not to miss a word, and this is what she heard:

“ If all the world would be good friends,
There must be——”

As they marched they were somehow forming letters. There was a plain “L,” which quickly changed into “O,” “V,” “E.” Again they were marching and singing,

“ And if I want to have a part,
It must begin with M-E.”

There the last word was spelled out before her in living letters. Again they repeated the little verse,

“ If all the world would be good friends,
There must be L-O-V-E;
And if I want to have a part,
It must begin with M-E.”

Miss Lois was sure now that the members of her Junior League of Nations had found the real secret of peace and goodwill, and that they would help to spread it everywhere they went.

Worship

Hymn: Jesus Shall Reign.

Scripture: All memory verses repeated.

Prayer: Mary Jane led in the prayer she had written.

O dear heavenly Father, help us to keep peace, love and kindness in our hearts. We thank thee for our Bible school and parents. Help us to do many kind deeds every day, and O Father, to be friendly to other nations! Some children think just because they are white that you love them better, but we know that you love them all just as good as you love us. Help us to keep the flag in our hearts. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Hymn: Lead on, O King Eternal

Recess

Packing Mexican Bags

Rehearsal for Commencement Play

Final Report of Council

The Council of the Junior League of Nations wishes to make this final report:

That in their search for the things that bring peace and goodwill to people everywhere, the following are some of the important things they have discovered:

That there are boys and girls all over the world who are just like us.

That God loves all colors just as much as he does the white.

That each country has a different flag, and that people in every country love their flags just as we love ours.

That people must love each other if they want to have peace.

That peace must begin in our own hearts.

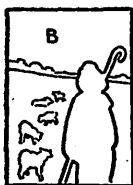
That we must trust in God.

That we must all work together.

That we must share what we have with others.

When things go wrong don't fight, just sit down and talk it over.

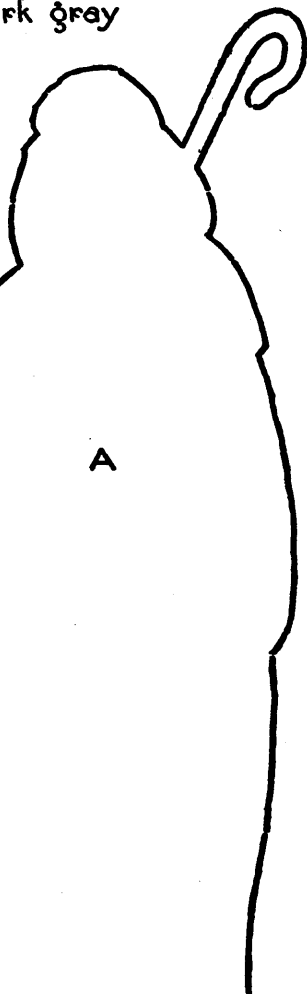
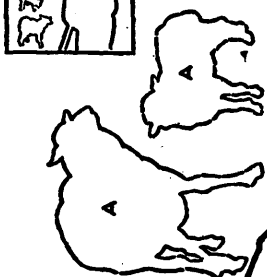
Signed by members of council.



Light gray sheet 9"x 12"

B = gray blue

A = dark gray





48 438 782

2-

MAR 26 1947

APR 21 1947

*Dr. Chave**Faculty*

2- 8833

BV1585
B83

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



48 438 782

